

THE
IMPERIAL VOICE

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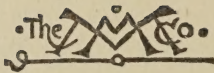


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THE IMPERIAL VOICE



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THE IMPERIAL VOICE
AND OTHER SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

BY
LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, TH.D., D.D.

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TO MY FRIEND
HARRY F. KEEP, Esq.
WITH MEMORIES OF DELIGHTFUL DAYS
AT THE GRANGE

A WORD WITH THE READER

Crowds of happy memories have poured into my mind as I have prepared these sermons and addresses for the press. The people who have listened always form a part of the discourse in the recollection of a public speaker. And so I have been once more meeting old friends and standing in places of noble memory as I have gone over the contents of this volume.

My first visit to Birmingham, England, was a sort of pilgrimage to the church where the great Dr. Dale had preached and to the grave where he sleeps near to the British statesman, Joseph Chamberlain, the two, close friends in life and not far parted in death. Carrs Lane Church seems to this day full of the royal speech of Dr. Dale, of the sensitive and gracious preaching of Dr. Jowett, and of the wise and gripping and human words of Mr. Sidney Berry. It has been my happy lot to stand a good many times in this pulpit and to come to number the people of Carrs Lane among my friends. Here the sermons on the Conflicts of Ideals, Ideas, Experiences, and Salvations were preached in the summer of 1922. "The Battle with Cynicism" was preached on one of my many visits to the City Temple in London. One looks up at the portrait of the leonine face of Dr. Parker. One gazes at the clear-cut features and the deep eyes of Dr. R. J. Campbell. One looks at the face of a man who is a thinker and a dreamer, that American of finely articulated mind, Dr. Joseph Fort Newton. One thinks of Dr. Frederick W. Norwood, whose voice from Australia now speaks with such trumpet notes of summons and such flute-like notes of sympathy in the great pulpit. One looks and thinks, then while the great organ plays, one enters the pulpit, understanding the wonder of its traditions and the impression of the distinguished preacher who said, "When I speak in the City Temple, I feel as if I were

addressing the British Empire." The University of Chicago has its own gift of opportunity to offer to the men who preach in Mandell Hall. As I reread the "Pilgrim's Progress of the Mind" I think of the delightful visits to this center of learning during a number of years. "Commerce and Civilisation" was the baccalaureate sermon at Northwestern University in 1923. "The Making of the American Mind" was the baccalaureate sermon of the Ohio State University the same year. "The Romance of Law" was an address at the Sunday Evening Club in Orchestra Hall, Chicago. "The Mind of the Preacher" was a commencement address at the Divinity School of Oberlin College. "The Intellectual Life of the College Graduate" was a commencement address at Albion College. "Freedom and Stability" was preached at Vassar College. All these in 1923. "Humanism and Religious Education" was an address at an annual meeting of the national body of the Universalist Church. "Pragmatic Christianity" was an address given as a fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Canadian Methodist Church in 1922. "Making the World Our City" was preached in Sage Chapel of Cornell University. My first visit to Cornell was in the days when Andrew D. White was still alive, and his talk was rich and racy, sparkling with erudition and insight. Happy hours I have spent in the hospitable home of President Schurman after preaching in Sage Chapel, and I have felt the notable personal and intellectual qualities which President Farland is bringing to his great task. "The Imperial Voice" was preached in Westminster Congregational Church in London. "The Story of American Commerce" and "The Friendliness of the Universe" were preached in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church of Detroit, of which I have the great privilege and happiness to be pastor. And so with deep appreciation of friendly hearers on both sides of the sea, I send forth this book which is no longer mine if there are others who care to make its thoughts their own.

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE IMPERIAL VOICE	1
✓ II. THE BATTLE WITH CYNICISM	13
- III. FREEDOM AND STABILITY	22
- IV. THE CONFLICT OF IDEALS	29
- V. THE CONFLICT OF IDEAS	39
- VI. THE CONFLICT OF EXPERIENCES	47
✓ VII. THE CONFLICT OF SALVATIONS	56
VIII. THE MAKING OF THE AMERICAN MIND	64
IX. THE STORY OF AMERICAN COMMERCE	72
X. COMMERCE AND CIVILISATION	80
XI. THE ROMANCE OF LAW	87
XII. HUMANISM AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION	93
XIII. THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF THE MIND	98
XIV. THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF THE COLLEGE GRADUATE	105
XV. THE MIND OF THE PREACHER	112
✓ XVI. PRAGMATIC CHRISTIANITY	119
XVII. MAKING THE WORLD OUR CITY	131
✓ XVIII. THE FRIENDLINESS OF THE UNIVERSE	138

THE IMPERIAL VOICE

I

THE IMPERIAL VOICE

"The lion hath roared; who will not fear? The Lord Jehovah hath spoken; who can but prophesy?" Amos 3: 8.

We have all been thinking about the one hundredth anniversary of the death of the poet Shelley. Once again there has dwelt in our minds the thought of that rare and delicate and exotic spirit. The exquisite and ethereal quality of that verse which often seemed to capture and hold in gossamer words feelings too delicate for the rude roughness of human speech, the passion for perfection which burned like a quenchless fire in the heart of the poet, the spirit of revolt from a world whose grim brutalities were the contradiction of that ideal loveliness of which Shelley dreamed—all these have been in our minds as we have remembered that "ineffectual angel" of a hundred years ago. What exhaustless aspiration, what passionate futility, what wrathful scorn of things as they are, made the life of Shelley an inner tempest. Perhaps the pure Greek spirit, unsupplemented by inspiration from a higher region, can never do better than to perish with a broken heart amid the hostilities of an alien world, wrapping the mantle of its impossible dreams about it and refusing to surrender even in the hour of death.

Over against all this there has been another spirit in the world. If it has not been at home in this planet, at least it has been at home in the universe. It has been saved from revolt by finding a God who has satisfied all its needs. It has found an authority which has enfranchised its life even as it has commanded entire obedience. It has been saved from misanthropy because over against

every human weakness it has found divine strength, and over against all the grim unloveliness it has caught a vision of the perfect harmony of the life of God. The thought of God has become mastering. It has become a luminous transforming experience which has interpreted life and has released boundless energies.

Perhaps there is no better expression of this spirit than the vital fiery words of Amos: "The lion hath roared; who shall not fear? The Lord Jehovah hath spoken; who can but prophesy?" This eighth century prophet was a rude man of the open, quite innocent of all the delicate sophistication of a highly organised civilisation. He was busy with his sycamore trees and his sheep. His clear eyes wandered to the caravans moving on the highways near him or to the distant glimpse of the heights of Jerusalem. His mind, as clear and as straight as his vision, moved among the problems of men, and with an almost terrible candour he brooded over the life of his age. Then alone in the wilderness he met the experience which made him know that God was speaking to him and that God would speak through him. His whole life bent under the passion and the power of it. And when he came to speak to men it was with the awful authority of a fresh and unmistakable contact with the will of the very Master of Life.

So we have the two kinds of voices in the world. There is the voice of confused and scornful revolt, which expresses ideals but has no God. There is the voice of that deep and reverent worship which has found God, and so has in it the basis of every fertilising and enriching ideal. The one has the promise of the future in it. The other is at last a passionate regret for a world which can never be.

The prophet Amos is more than a voice. He is one of a line of majestic voices. He belongs to an order of regal strength. Men of this order have kept hope alive in the world. They have kept humanity faithful in the long and terrible march through the wasting years. In every age of disillusionment and discouragement they have kept the

flags floating high. They have been the saving element in the life of mankind. They have been the men of the Imperial Voice.

We do not go back before the days of Amos. Only in passing do we remember the lonely splendour of Elijah's battle and the near intimate human touch of Elisha's ministry. In the eighth century itself Amos was but one of a group of men of the Imperial Voice. Over against the straight rude vigour of his speech was the lofty and sonorous utterance of that statesman prophet Isaiah. The one voice was as raw as the winds of the wilderness. The other had in it all the distinction of the life of the court. But each was a voice speaking for a God with a character. And each had the assurance which comes from a mastering personal contact with the will of God.

The same age heard the poignant voice of Hosea, who, looking up out of a broken heart and a broken home, suddenly knew what it meant to God to look upon the faithlessness of Israel. The heartbreak of man became the interpretation of the heartbreak of Jehovah. And in the same eighth century, Micah, full of terrible wrath in the presence of social injustice, uttered a piercing cry of wrath in the name of God. For the wrongs of the poor were the wrongs of God. What an age of great voices it was. And we need to remember that it was a couple of centuries before the first Greek thinkers laid the foundations of philosophic speculation and before Prince Gautama founded a religion of brooding meditation in India, and Confucius in China founded a system which made ethics take the place of religion.

The years passed quickly enough. And when the exile loomed like a dark cloud, it was that sensitively organised prophet, Jeremiah, who spoke the great words which caused Sir George Adam Smith to say of him that he reminds you of one of those shells whose shriek is heard above the noise of battle and whose very mission is performed in its explosion. His vicarious life brought a new idea into the mind of Israel. And a later prophet gave

that idea immortal expression in the conception of the righteous servant who goes even to death in vicarious agony. When the exile was no longer a fear, but had become an experience, Ezekiel spoke with such beautiful hopefulness that the very sound of his voice delighted men. Then they paid him the dangerous compliment of admiring his method rather than of taking his message seriously. It was he who made the value of the individual soul in the eyes of God take on a new impressiveness. Jeremiah, too, had this vision. But under the pain of the exile the conception voiced in the words, "All souls are mine," took on a new significance. We now see that it had the very heart of democracy in it.

Other voices there were singing with encouragement or sharp with reprimand. And so we come out of the old days into the days when all things were to be made new. And the new days are ushered in as we might expect, by a man of the order of the Imperial Voice. He, too, has heard the lion roar. He, too, has heard Jehovah speak. It is a world with the evidence of the power of Rome everywhere, in which John the Baptizer speaks. It is a world with its own sense of sin and its own need of a word of hope and reconciliation. John has words which are swords. He has words which have their own hope. And as he speaks all Israel listens.

Then the Master comes. And He, too, speaks. You cannot exhaust Him by putting Him in the order of the men of the Imperial Voice. But on one side of His life He does belong to that order. He gives conscience such words as conscience had never possessed before. He finds phrases of such divine simplicity and such matchless penetration that men marvel while He speaks. At last the words of men are enlarged until they are able to tell, in quite a new way, the meaning of the will of God. Like armies His words march to battle. Like friends they wait for us with open arms. Like judges they pronounce moral verdicts. And like angels' wings they flutter with the wonder of the divine love. Then what Jesus says is almost

lost in what He does. And the great deed which opens all the doors of hope to the world in chains is done. And the Shining Victor returns from the tomb for a golden moment of Victory ere He takes His place on the throne of power.

The generation to whom these things became commanding and authentic burst into speech. There were men of the Imperial Voice everywhere. We will only speak of one of them. Sometimes it is a difficult and expensive thing to train a voice. In that thriving commercial city of Tarsus the lad who played among the wharves and felt the distant echoes of its busy university life and went off to Jerusalem to be made a master in the learning of his own people did not suspect the future which awaited him. But bye and bye this highly trained young man came to his great hour. He saw the face of God in the face of the living Christ. He heard the voice of God in the voice of the risen Lord. And from that day his life was organised about a new centre. And soon he became the master of a voice of imperial power. In the great cities of the empire that voice was heard. Before judges and kings that masterful and skillful pleader spoke. And everywhere he left behind men who knew that they had met with the very will of God when they heard him speak.

So the new faith spread. And now Rome decayed and came toward its fall. But before the end there were men—not a few—who belonged to the tradition of the Imperial Voice. A brilliant and hot-blooded young North African drank his fill of hectic vices in city after city of the Empire until at last he, too, met his great hour. A pursuing restlessness left his heart lonely, until the hour in the garden when he made the ultimate surrender. Then Augustine went forth a preacher and a teacher and a thinker, to become the schoolmaster of the Church for a thousand years. And if the Bishop of Hippo represented the great tradition in the West, John of the Golden Mouth represented that same line of power in the East. First at Antioch, and then in the regal city of Constantinople,

he made the Gospel commanding in his own inspired utterance. He had every grace of the trained rhetorician. But he had more. He, too, had fought his way through personal struggle to the great hour when he had met the Master of Life. He, too, had the right to say, "God hath spoken; who can but prophesy?"

The clouds gathered dark and heavy above the old civilisation. And the hour came when they burst in terrible tempest. Rome fell. But the Christian Church survived the storm with a power which was to tame the barbarians and to preside at the making of modern Europe.

Once and again the men of power appeared. In the sixth century it was Benedict, with his skill to organise. In the eighth century it was Boniface, with his missionary zeal. In the eleventh century it was Anselm, with his subtle and understanding mind and his deeply devoted heart.

Then came the thirteenth century, with all its glory for the life of the Church. It was the age of the far-flung authority of Innocent III. It was the age of the brilliant, intellectual achievement of the Summa of Saint Thomas Aquinas. But from the standpoint of our thought this morning, it was pre-eminently the age of that singing and winsome spirit, Saint Francis of Assisi. Amid sordidness and selfish ambition, Saint Francis fell in love with all the unselfish beauty of the life of Jesus, and set about making that life his very own. Not as an ascetic, but as one full of the very rapture of living, he served the lowly and the outcast, and set the very life of his age to the music of a new gladness. Even architecture felt the inspiration of the new movement. In one age everywhere grinning gargoyles had appeared. After the influence of the Franciscans had become pervasive the gargoyles vanished from the new buildings. In their place there were rapturous angels' faces full of beatific joy. The Gospel was never more happily winsome than in this revival of the thirteenth century, the very heart of which was the preaching of Saint Francis.

The fourteenth century saw break up and confusion everywhere. It was the age of the papal captivity at Avignon. It was the age of the great schism. It was the age when it became evident that the Church, which was set up for the healing of the world, itself needed a physician. And now in England there arose a leader, wise with all the dialectical skill of the scholastic philosophy and clear-eyed as well, to see the meaning of the moral and spiritual problems of the Church of his age. Wyclif made his voice an instrument of far-flung power. And through his organisation of the Lollards he gave preaching a new place in English life. The Bible began to speak in the very tongue of the people, and the Church was appraised with a fearless honesty in the light of the standards which came from the Book alive with the life of God.

In the fifteenth century, a follower of Wyclif in Bohemia bore valiant witness to the new thoughts about God and man which were stirring men's minds. And when Hus, who had preached so valiantly at Prague, at last gave his life to seal his testimony, another stage was reached in the battle between the Book and the Church. In Florence, Savonarola became master prophet and martyr before the century came to an end.

The sixteenth century brings a perfect galaxy of Imperial voices. Luther, the peasant prophet, with the richness of the soil in his speech and the wisdom of the schools upon his lips, came in his turn to an experience of the present and forgiving power of God in Jesus Christ, which changed everything in the world for him. The lion had indeed roared, and he could no more fear the human lions who dwelt within the Church. The Lord Jehovah had spoken, and now the living word of prophecy must be uttered. So the Reformation was born. Zwingli, the humanist, who was also a reformer, brought the tribute of the new learning to the Gospel, and gave a highly trained mind to the service of the emancipation of the Christian forces of his city. Calvin, the master of precise

thinking and cogent expression, had produced an immortal theological masterpiece, whose quality was essentially unchanged by later additions and revisions, before he reached the age of thirty. His word became the law of Geneva. And once again the Imperial Voice was mightier than the Imperial Church. Knox, with his shrewd, hard-headed wisdom, and his devotion to the evangel, not only made his pulpit a throne, and gave a new religious life to his people, but founded anew the life of a nation, and impressed upon it the essential quality of its civilisation. There are many minor stars in the constellations of the sixteenth century. It was an age of Imperial Voices, because the human spirit had found a new freedom in a great experience of contact with the living God.

The seventeenth century contains elements of reaction. It is the period of Louis XIV. It is the time when for multitudes of people good taste takes the place of good character. And even some of the great preachers of the period give one the sense of bowing at the shrine of rhetoric even as they bow at the shrine of a deeper devotion. But the best of the French preachers do care deeply for the moral beauty of goodness as well as for the gracious loveliness of finely wrought phrases. This same century, however, sees Puritanism become a genuine power. There is a man named John Robinson, who opens all the windows of his mind and sees new light continually breaking from God's word. There is a man named John Bunyan, who captures all the pith and energy of the rich vernacular English speech, and pouring the passion of his own religious experience into words creates a religious masterpiece, which will live as long as men hear the voice of conscience and hunger for the friendliness of God.

The eighteenth century sees new winds blowing upon the hearts of men from the heights divine. The century before had felt the warming currents of Pietism, and now, in the very age when Deism was teaching men to believe in a God who had gone away and a man who was sufficient to his own needs, the great revival swept its way among

the men of England and out over the waste places of America. The precise little Oxford scholar, who was always a gentleman as well as an evangelist, did not have his heart strangely warmed in vain. It was the beginning of the strange warming of the heart of all the nation. And that dramatic master of men, who knew all the potencies of persuasive speech, startling even my Lord Chesterfield by his terribly vivid power, did not in vain come to know the meaning of the peace of God. When these men had done their work, a new England, with cleansed and understanding eyes, looked out upon the world. And in America the apostles of the saddle-bags were ready to baptise every infant village in the name of the forgiving Christ.

The nineteenth century had its own tale of Imperial Voices to tell. Men began to think deeply of the relation of the Christian motive and the Christian fellowship with God to all the relations of men. Such sensitive and prophetic spirits as Kingsley and Maurice began to dream of the social implications of the Gospel and to speak words to which men alive to the summons of a new contact with reality must give heed. The Free Churches came to be possessed of a type of high and commanding leadership, well represented by the extraordinary ministry of Dr. Robert William Dale, for so many years the minister of Carrs Lane Church in Birmingham. With an inner life all full of the consciousness of the presence of the living Christ, and of His right to reign in all the relations of men, with a civic and a social conscience developed to acute capacity for perception, with a literary style built into a sort of splendour of expression which brought regal words to a regal message, and built up periods which stood forth like cedars in strength and beauty, Dale commanded the attention, not only of his city and of his country, but at last became an influence all over the English-speaking world. His pulpit was a throne, and young men felt as they heard him that the most splendid thing in all the

world was the exercise of the moral and spiritual authority of a Christian preacher.

London had its own princes of the pulpit. Liddon, with his potent voice, made Saint Paul's more than a noble cathedral. It became the home of a living voice. Joseph Parker, who stood like a lion in the pulpit of the City Temple, uttered words which were carried forth by all the winds that blow. Spurgeon, with his deep sense of the evangel, his racy speech, and his human touch, brought religion to the very lives from which it had seemed austere remote. And in the midst of all this splendour of Christian speech men were not forgetting the martial energy and the luminous interpretation, and the quick forward thrust of the mind which had made the ministry of Frederick W. Robertson so memorable at Brighton. In America, Phillips Brooks was standing in Trinity Church, in Boston, with a gracious and high urbanity which made Christianity speak to men with a new and commanding dignity, and an immediate and satisfying power.

And now we are almost upon our own time. Of that we will not speak. It is not necessary to prove the presence of Imperial Voices in a Church¹ where the fresh and vital exposition of the Bible with speech of memorable clarity and luminous insight year after year made the Old and New Testaments vivid and authentic to multitudes to whom their language had become a foreign tongue, and deepened the devotion of those to whom the Book of God was the supreme treasure of life. It is not necessary to convince a congregation that preaching can be characterised by memorable power when that congregation has listened to the speech of a prophet whose spirit has all the sensitive and gracious spiritual charm of lilies of the valley blooming in places hidden from the rude storms of life, and all the tried and abiding power which comes from the faithful and unhesitating meeting of life's tempests in a torn and broken age. When the most delicate

¹ Westminster Congregational Church, London.

art ceases to be art, because it becomes devotion, and the most brooding spirituality becomes a human resource applied to the needs of hard-pressed men and women, the pulpit achieves a new sort of power.

So the ages have come into the age. So the past has unfolded into the present. And in this world, shattered by the war and heavy with the gloom of broken hearts and the sadness of sordid and selfish sinning, it is infinitely good to remember that in every age, when tragedy has taken its place upon the throne of the world, the Imperial Voice has spoken. With this tradition behind us we do not dare to surrender to shattering fear or to dark misanthropy as we confront the day in which we live. The Imperial Voice will speak again. And its message will glow with triumphant life.

One thing we must not forget. The message of the Imperial Voice when it has the deepest Christian quality is always a message of redemption. It is not new knowledge which is to save mankind. It is regeneration made actual in the life of our day which is to give us a new world. We are all interested in the collection, for the making safe and solid of the dome of Saint Paul's. I cannot avoid the symbolism of it all. Sir Christopher Wren may have been deceived, we are told. At any rate, in place after place back of the piers which look so solid there is material incapable of bearing the strain of the great dome. It is nothing you can see. When the repairs have been made the result will not be visible to the naked eye. But an inner source of weakness, which is a danger and a menace, and which left alone would bring the great dome to the ground at last, will have to be dealt with in such a fashion that all is strong and sound and sure. So it is with men. So it is with cities. So it is with nations. We have built great and imposing domes. It is all splendid and wonderful to the outer eye. But back of the piers, which look so solid, there is material which will not bear the strain. The work of repair must be done if the dome is to stand. In the inner places of our lives solid strength

must take the place of that frail material which will give way in the hour of strain. The Imperial Voice has many great words to say to us. The greatest of all is the word which speaks the needed message when we have found the inner weakness of our lives. That word is the perpetual summons of the grace of Christ. That word possesses the secret of the noble dome which will never fall.

We will not confront life with the futile revolt of that spirit which can only turn in wrath from a universe which can never satisfy. We belong to the tradition of the Imperial Voice. We believe in the God who gives power to that voice. We know that it will be equal to every need of our age. So we wait. So we will listen. And when once more we hear the words, "The lion hath roared; who shall not fear? The Lord Jehovah hath spoken; who can but prophesy?" we shall be ready to heed the messenger and we shall be ready to obey.

II

THE BATTLE WITH CYNICISM

"Therefore I turned about to cause my heart to despair concerning all the labour wherein I had laboured under the sun." Ecclesiastes II, 20.

"Yet I will rejoice in Jehovah, I will joy in the God of my salvation. Jehovah, the Lord, is my strength; and He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and will make me to walk upon my high places." Habakkuk III, 18, 19.

There are some rather disconcerting features in the Book of Ecclesiastes. It has been called the cellar of the Old Testament. One is inclined to wonder how the book ever managed to get into the canon. If books could be diplomats, one would be inclined to feel that all sorts of shrewd sagacity must have been exercised by this particular bit of writing to get into the society of the great Old Testament prophets. The contrast between its selfish disillusionment and the glorious outburst of faith which closes the poem at the end of the little Book of Habakkuk could not be more sharply drawn. On the one side there is the play of a mind without moral depth or spiritual height. It moves through life with an observant eye. Someone has described a cynic as a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. The sudden flashes of insight which come from inner greatness of spirit never appear in the Book of Ecclesiastes. And the references to God have an artificial and conventional ring. So life is surveyed and found wanting. So in a dull and colourless world a waning and decadent spirit looks out in despair. It is, indeed, the cellar of the Old Testament. The air is damp and the whole place is unhealthy. One is glad, however, the book is there. It sharpens contrasts

which we might not otherwise feel in their full significance. But we turn with a sense of leaving a place of decay to the sharper air and the high perspectives which we find in the great and adventurous faith of the prophets. We pick up the little song in the Book of Habakkuk and turn to its last lyric outburst. There is the frightful sound of invading armies. The fruits of the earth and the grain of the field are failing. The flocks and the herds are dying. And in the midst of it all the triumphant spirit of a great believer lifts itself in a perfect hallelujah chorus of triumphant faith. In spite of it all, he will rejoice in God. In spite of it all, Jehovah is his strength. And even in this hour of unspeakable calamity he is given the feet of a hind and moves in safety among the perilous high places of the earth.

The two attitudes represented by these two utterances do perpetual battle in the world. The men of heavy eyes and cynical disillusionment are all the while meeting the men of triumphant and adventurous faith upon the battle-fields of the world. I confess that I feel a certain embarrassment in speaking of these things this morning. The world has been torn and shattered by the disintegrating power of the Great War. England has bent under a burden the depth of whose tragic woe only England knows. During the last months of the war I went about among your cities and among your homes. I shall never forget the brave and quiet good cheer with which you moved through the days of blackness, lighted with the swift lightning of bitter pain. You have a way of hiding the shining splendour of your ideals and the searching tragedy of your sufferings behind a reticence which goes steadily about its work, and meets life with a cool and steady courage which seeks no expression in words. But in those days one saw through the protective colouring of restraint and caught glimpses of the soul of England. It made him feel like taking off his sandals because he was standing on holy ground. And now in the years of cruel reaction, if you are tempted to enter upon an experience of complete

and bitter disillusionment, if you are lifting terribly penetrating questions about God and man and the nations of the world, and if the reply seems hard with the cold cynicism of a disappointed hope, can a man from the outside come in and speak of it all? Especially if he comes from a nation which entered the war very late and then in the hard days of the confusing peace, by some strange turn of the public mind, failed tragically to take its share in the burden which must be borne if the world is to be made stable—can a man coming so bring you a message to which you will be willing to listen in respect of those terribly bitter experiences? One would be inclined to say quite frankly that such a thing would be impossible anywhere except in the Christian Church. But a Christian pulpit does transcend time and space. And if a man is sure that he has a message which God has given him, he can dare to give it even under these difficult conditions, knowing that if it is given with honesty and utter sincerity, it will be heard with respect and it will be understood. So deeply trusting you this morning, I enter upon a discussion of the battle between cynicism and faith upon the great field of the world.

First of all, shall we take a look at some characteristic expressions of the two attitudes toward life? Surely the best approach to the present in these hard matters is by the appeal to that treasure-house of human experience called history which is such a rich possession when we truly enter into our inheritance. We remember how the fifth century before the coming of our Lord saw a wonderful outburst of the greatest and the most gracious things of the human spirit. It was the age of the Persian invasions and of the Greek victories. It was the age of Pericles, with all its noble art and its glorious architecture. It was the age when human speech was built into a palace of writing, where the human mind could wander through marvellous chambers of melodious sentences built into periods of harmonious loveliness. It was the age of the penetrating and enquiring mind of Socrates. But it was

also the age of the Sophists who, as a class, believed nothing deeply, and were possessed of that sordid mental ingenuity which comes to a man when he has no convictions and no commanding ideals. As you look into the mind of the Sophist, you see the very genius of the thing we now mean when we use the word cynic. Upon the surface of one of the greatest periods of the world's life the disillusioned Sophist moved shrewdly, playing his little game of intellectual make-believe without conscience and without the lifting power of moral or spiritual enthusiasm. Then comes the terrible day of the end of the Athenian supremacy. And the weakness of the Greek states begins to foretell a day of doom. It is a time which, indeed, tests the spirit of those who know and love the genius of Attica. Hope itself seems to be blown away like the frail petals of a lovely flower tossed carelessly by the cold hardness of autumn winds. And in this precise situation lives a Greek who most perfectly expresses the rarest and noblest qualities of the spirit of his race. There is everything to make him a cynic. But instead he becomes the author of some of the noblest writing of creative hope to be found anywhere in all the world. He escapes from the sordid selfishness of the day into a sublime vision of that ultimate reality in which goodness and beauty are one. He escapes from time into eternity. By an audacious act of faith he secures a belief that the invisible good is more real than the visible evil. So Plato, like the singer whose lyric closes the Book of Habakkuk, becomes the prophet of a singing joy in an age when darkness and disappointment settle heavily upon the world. We must choose between the spirit of the cynical Sophist and the spirit of Plato. Which shall it be?

In the days of the greatness of the Roman Empire Lucretius wrote that memorable poem, "De Rerum Natura." It has many qualities of charm. It holds the imagination by a curious secret of quiet and observant contemplation combined with noble grace of phrase. But it is at heart a poem of disillusionment. It has the soul of cynicism in

it. There is no adventurous belief in life. There is no high and leaping confidence that spirit is stronger than matter. There is no glowing assurance that good is mightier than evil. There is only the cold and dignified acceptance of an evil lot. There is only the emancipation which is the death of all generous and creative enthusiasm. No glorious and prophetic lives have been inspired by Lucretius. No high self-sacrifice has come from the fountains which he set playing. He is still the refuge of those who seek a cold and urbane philosophy in which to dwell while they live lives of philosophic selfishness, ignoring every poignant cry of human need.

The day came when the great structure of the Roman Empire was about to fall. The creaking of timbers was heard everywhere. Sometimes a pillar fell crumbling down, and sometimes the roof or a part of the building came crashing to the ground. It seemed as if civilisation itself was about to perish in the disintegration of Rome. And right in the midst of all the confusion, when there seemed no solid earth upon which to stand, a powerful voice was lifted. It was the voice of a man who might easily have become the victim of misanthropic gloom. He knew the meaning of that civilisation which was decaying. He possessed the most powerful and highly articulated mind to be found in the world of his day. But just when the city of man was breaking up, and its streets were full of turmoil and horror, Augustine wrote "De Civitate Dei." Over against the crumbling city of human construction he put the eternal city which is the creation of Almighty God. In the very break-up of civilisation he found sources of triumphant hope. It was the first great Christian philosophy of history. And it scorned every temptation to the heavy misanthropy of that disintegrating doubt which destroys the spirit of man. It was full of the music of a great confidence. It was full of the splendour of a deathless hope. We must choose between the spirit of Lucretius and the spirit of Augustine. Which shall it be?

If we go far afield we shall find a brilliant cynic in

Persia. Probably most men would not know very much about him if a nineteenth-century poet, whose mind moved in the same trails, had not put his musical misanthropy into lovely English verse. As it is, the contemporary cynic, especially the very young cynic who has a bit of self-conscious intellectuality about him, finds his mood expressed with distinction and grace and beauty in the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. There is complete disillusionment. There is the repudiation of hope. There are flashes of dark and terrible wrath. There are songs of the abandon of indulgence. There is the pathos of a sensitive spirit as a refuge making beautiful sentences in an ugly world, ready to sleep at last with an upturned empty glass above it, the symbol of its indulgence and the symbol of its futility. This marvellous poem has never girded men for hard warfare. It has never taught them to see stars in the dark night. It has set their doubts to music. It has made their misanthropy articulate. It has lifted their most weak and hopeless moods into a philosophy of life.

Coming back from Persia and looking in on the Europe of the thirteenth century, we find a surface of much brilliancy with many seeds of decay under the dazzling exterior. The far-flung glory of Innocent III, the consummate achievement of the Summa, the rise of the universities do not conceal from us that inner decay which is to make itself felt so tragically in the fourteenth century. But there is one mighty and creative spirit. There is one personality which maintains secrets of permanent enthusiasm. Saint Francis did not have a great mind. He does not indeed have much of a mind at all, but he has a heart. And with glorious and child-like simplicity he finds his way into the heart of God. All men become his brothers indeed. All living things are received into his great family. All inanimate things are his brothers and sisters. And so he goes singing and serving about Italy and out over the world. No disease is so loathsome, no poverty so terrible, but he comes with the healing

helpfulness of his loving heart and his eager hand. So in an age when selfishness and sophistication and unscrupulous sordidness were seizing the world Saint Francis sang men back to innocence and love and the belief in goodness and truth and God. We must choose between the spirit of Omar Khayyam and the spirit of Saint Francis. Which shall it be?

Probably some observers would imagine that America has been so busy with tremendously energetic action that these deep and brooding problems of thought and feeling have not come within the range of its experience. But it has not been so. The nineteenth century witnessed the unfolding of a life among us which as we look back arouses a curious interest. That volume of brilliant autobiography, "The Education of Henry Adams," tells the story. Here was a man, the descendant of two able Presidents of the United States. He had every advantage of training and travel and contact with the best minds of many lands. Harvard University put its mark of discipline upon him, and it seemed as if heredity and opportunity and personal gifts united to make him a man of the greatest promise. Out of it all he wrought a cold and half disdainful cynicism, which left him incapable of creative thought and helpless in the presence of the moment which demanded the masterful deed. As one reads the exquisitely wrought and penetrating phrases of distinguished disillusionment, which make his autobiography so memorable, one feels a wistful longing for one self-forgotten moment of high and assured enthusiasm. But the golden moment never comes.

There was a man in America at the same time, a good deal older than Henry Adams. He was born in the wilderness. He grew up without advantages and without opportunities. He knew no such university of stately traditions as Harvard. A crude and ugly and common man, he lived among hard-pressed men and women who knew nothing of the graces and beauties of life. He read every book he could find. He knew the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. He knew his

Bible. And he knew his Shakespeare. And he received every great and noble ideal of which he read into a simple and believing heart. He kindled a glorious fire in his soul as he read these great masterpieces. So without grace and with only the hard and demanding breeding of the wilderness, he strode into the White House in the day of his nation's need. He has kept on travelling, for not so long ago you welcomed that tall gaunt figure, with eternal tragedy and eternal hope in his face, to stand among your men of imperishable memory in Parliament Square. In spite of his cruel childhood, in spite of his terrible handicaps, he believed in men, he believed in God, he believed in the future. And so the world has received him among its few peerless men. We must choose between the spirit of Henry Adams and the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. Which shall it be?

And now let us come back to the book which lies on this desk, from which perhaps we have been wandering too long. One day two men stood confronting each other. One was a brilliantly disciplined man of the world. He was a Roman trained in the masterful traditions of Roman rule. There was something high and commanding and massive in his very bearing. But he was a cynic at heart. He had no inner sources of moral or spiritual power. With cavalier and careless speech he queried lightly: "What is truth?" The man beside him was strong in the strength of life in the open. His face was full of the wonder of human friendliness, and winsome with a stern yet gentle purity which seemed the very wedlock of tenderness and power. His eyes had a clear richness which made you feel that you were looking into eternity as you gazed into their depths. Goodness was alive in Him. Purity was alive in Him. Love was alive in Him. And as He stood before the weak and selfish wordling hiding behind a habit of Roman dignity, he seemed to tower above the governor, who thought he held His fate in his hands. "My kingdom is not of this world," said Jesus. And as we listen to His words we seem suddenly in the

presence of an order of reality higher, vaster, more potent than all the sordid disillusionments of the weary and selfish world. The light of a Divine assurance was in the eyes of the Master. The steadiness of a perfect assurance was in His voice. We must choose between the spirit of Pilate and the spirit of Jesus. Which shall it be?

And now come back to our own day. The world lies torn and confused all about us. There is the breakdown of nations. There is the disintegration of ancient sanctions. There is the far-flung passion of broken hearts. There is all the bitter disillusionment of these terrible years. The voice of the cynic in Ecclesiastes seems to express the very spirit of the time: "Therefore I turned about to cause my heart to despair concerning all the labour wherein I had laboured under the sun." But we cannot forget the other voice. The fearful armies are advancing. The product of the land is failing and life itself is ebbing. But the trumpet of faith is blown like a call to a victorious charge. God is still the God of salvation. He is the strength of suffering and hard-pressed men. He gives them feet of fleetness and power to move upon the high places of the world. Oh, you English people, in the name of your noblest traditions, in the name of that Christian heroism which has so greatly adorned your land, turn from the ways of cynicism to the ways of faith. It is not with the heart of Pilate, but with the heart which the living Christ creates, that we are to master the present and create the future and achieve the victory of goodness and love. Our feet are yet to be made fleet to walk upon the high places of the earth.

III

FREEDOM AND STABILITY

"For freedom did Christ set us free; stand fast, therefore, and be not entangled again in a yoke of bondage." Galatians 5: 1.

One looks at a galaxy of brilliant figures when one surveys the life of the Early Roman Empire. Augustus, who found Rome brick and left it marble, was surrounded by men whose qualities of mind and taste make them memorable characters. And the years which followed also saw the coming and the going of many a masterful and significant personality. Among all the men who moved through the life of the Empire in the first century of its existence two are especially in my mind this morning. One of them is the great poet Virgil. The other is the Apostle Paul.

We remember Lord Tennyson's noble tribute to the Latin poet:

"Landscape lover, lord of language, more than he that sang the
works and days,
All the chosen coin of fancy flashing forth from many a golden
phrase.

"Now thy Forum roars no longer, fallen every purple Caesar's dome,
Tho' thine ocean roll of rhythm sounds forever of Imperial Rome.

"I salute thee, Mantorana, I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure, ever moulded by the mind of
man."

The lovely music, the exquisite grace, the splendid beauty of Virgil's writing, do not at the moment command our attention so much as the fact that he was conspicuously the poet who set benevolent autocracy to music.

Born in the Republic, seeing the decay of its institutions, caught in the turbulent swirl of the waters in a confusing and difficult age, he came to fear a great fear, he came to believe that society itself might fall apart. He came to apprehend the possibility that civilisation itself might vanish from the world. And so deeply did he fear anarchy that he became willing to accept a gracious and noble tyranny as a means of escape from the dissolution of the orderly life of the world. He gave himself with undivided heart to the work of clothing the benevolent tyranny of Augustus with a garment of grace and beauty and charm. He believed in a world made one by the power of Imperial Rome. And in that unity he saw the coming to blossom of all the fair and gracious things of orderly and beautiful life. Rome was to be a stone wall about the blooming garden of the world. When we are thinking of the vision of world unity which came to Dante and which he expressed in his memorable Latin work, "De Monarchia," we must not forget his love for Virgil. As a matter of fact the poet who conducted Dante through the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" had a very profound relation to his whole intellectual life. And even today many who have never connected their thoughts with Virgil dream of a world order built upon some sort of benevolent and absolute authority which shall make a place for order and beauty in the world.

The other figure from the first century of the life of the Roman Empire of whom I am thinking this morning is different enough from the gracious and urbane poet who was the friend of Augustus. But he was a man widely travelled who had become familiar with many minds in many lands. He was a citizen of the Empire. He was a scholar and he was a gentleman who carried himself with fine fitness and gracious amenity in the presence of kings.

The Apostle Paul represented an extremely conservative, not to say a hard and rigid, tradition. His nation had wrought out a certain moral and spiritual isolation as the very condition of receiving and appropriating that

quality of thought and life which was to be its great message to the world. But this noble isolation had at length become a barren and bigoted and unlovely thing. The mind of the Jew was perpetually secreting the chains which held him fast. To be sure, there were Jews who loved the light which came from Hellas, but Paul's mind received its bent from those to whom the Hebrew past mattered most. Although he studied under the liberal Gamaliel, he became the bright hope of the party of immovable loyalty to that Hebrew past and of entire distrust of foreign influences. Then a strange thing came to pass. This astoundingly brilliant young Jewish Tory found his inner life full of dissatisfaction and unrest. He chafed against the chains of stately and conservative tradition. He believed in the ancient solidarities. His heart panted for freedom while he led the party of remorseless loyalty to the past. And all the while he had a divided mind and a divided will. He set himself against the newly formed Christian movement. But his eye was burning with the fever of inner conflict and his heart was hot with contending emotions even when he was playing the rôle of relentless persecutor. Then the crisis came to its burning moment of revealing light. And out of it Paul came, the ambassador of a new sovereign, the messenger of a newly accepted king. And the outstanding note of his new experience, the profound inspiration of his new activity was a glowing and increasing sense of emancipation. The deliverance from a divided will into a life of joyous freedom made the world a new place for Paul. He went about destroying ancient prejudices and casting down walls of superstition, hoary with age. He was the apostle of a joyous liberty. "For freedom did Christ set us free" was a characteristic utterance of the experience which set him travelling about the Roman Empire everywhere breaking chains, everywhere kindling fires for the warming of human hearts.

Virgil began as a citizen of a Republic. He ended, the apostle of a gracious yet unbending tyranny. Paul began

as the leader of a group of passionate reactionaries who above all things regarded their ancient sanctions. He ended, the flaming evangelist of a glorious emancipation. So while in the writings of Virgil we read the loveliest poetry made the vehicle of the idealising of autocracy, in the writings of Paul we read the insurgent joy of a new freedom going forth to do battle with all which binds the mind and heart and will of man.

The passion for freedom is very familiar in the contemporary world. The human spirit is beating against the bars in every part of modern civilised society. And out of all this restless yeast of desire many strange things have come to the society of which we are a part. Old sanctions are cast aside with little examination. Old customs are discredited because their locks are hoary. Nothing is accepted upon authority. Everything must prove itself in the midst of the endless contentions which characterise the vivid and hungry life through which we move.

One can easily see that much good has come from all this zest for fresh and free examination of every experience of life. Many an ancient superstition has gone crashing to its doom. Many an ancient prejudice has been drawn and quartered and so the world breathes more freely. Many an old sanction has been seen in new and splendid relations. A kind of masterful sincerity has swept over the world. The human spirit turns its enquiring eyes with a new honesty upon the vastness of human thought and activity.

But when all this has been gladly admitted it seems that there may be a good deal more which ought to be said. Some pressing and at times disconcerting questions lift themselves. We can scarcely care to attempt to deny or avoid the fact that a good many fierce and energetic spirits have cast aside the very inhibitions which in previous centuries have formed a sort of cement to hold society together. There have been passionate-eyed young enthusiasts to whom the new freedom has meant emancipation from all human responsibility, to whom self-realisation

has meant the right to go trampling over every human thought and feeling which has dared to stand in the way of their hot energy of self-assertion. There are those to whose intense and eager minds the ten commandments seem an impertinence and the golden rule a piece of archaic sentimentality. We are likely to view these apostles of revolt with a good deal of uneasiness. And as their voices become more strident and their demands more imperative, we may be tempted to follow in the path of Virgil and to turn in fear from the love of freedom driven into a panic by the fear of anarchy. The indiscretions of the Liberal form the basis for the platform of the Tory.

If we are not contented to be swept along by emotions of wrathful distrust we shall come to see that the solution of the reactionary is, after all, a dangerous thing. The fierce radical reduces life to anarchy. The hard Tory turns life into a prison. And though fair flowers may climb over the bars of the prison windows and lovely vines hang upon its grey walls, it is a prison for all that.

We begin to feel that each solution is so full of menace that for a time, in sheer fright, we may be inclined to move like a shuttlecock from one to the other. It is easy to want to be a Tory when you view the sins of the radicals. It is easy to want to be a radical when you view the sins of the Tories.

Then we are reminded of the solution which is suggested by the experience of the Apostle Paul. With all his dashing heroism in destroying old prejudices, he gives us a curious feeling of solidity. It never occurs to him that a man needs to trample upon unselfishness in order to be free. Indeed it is only in noble self-forgetfulness that he finds freedom for himself and attempts to secure it for others. It never occurs to him that he must break the ten commandments in order to prove his freedom. In fact the central characteristic of his freedom lies precisely in the fact that it sets the ten commandments to music. He has not discovered a new morality. He has discovered a new spirit by which to transfigure the old morality.

All this suggests a little closer analysis of that restless wrath in the presence of inhibitions which is so vocal all about the world today. And when we come to use the instruments of clear and unhesitating examination, we discover that it is not the content of the great commandments which come dripping with the deepest ethical and spiritual experience of the race to which we object. It is the element of coercion which arouses our antagonism. There is something very deep in the human heart which resents an arbitrary will enforced from without. The moment we think of any experience as something we must do instead of as something we love to do we begin to desire to avoid the necessity. If two enthusiastic friends suddenly begin to think of the demanding duties involved in their relation rather than of its delightful privileges the whole experience begins to wane and lose its charm. We are glad to offer as a gift that for which we would fight if it were extorted as a tribute. As a matter of fact the world never tires of spontaneous and joyous goodness. It wearies very soon of hard and mechanical and coerced obedience. It was the glorious thing about the insight of Paul that he came to understand that what he had needed was a new devotion and not a new set of moral sanctions. His new master made the moral law a friend and not a tyrant. And the moment he learned to love goodness as a friend instead of fearing it as a hard autocrat all the world was changed for him. It was not an emancipation from law. It was an emancipation in law. For when once you learn to love the law, all the elements of hard coercion disappear from its sanctions. You have all the sense of freedom which the anarchist is seeking at the very moment when you are giving to the law the most unhesitating obedience. And your obedience is far more perfect as the gift of love than it ever could be as the tribute of fear.

It is in this fashion that freedom is reconciled with solidarity, that liberty makes peace with law. To be sure, Paul is not the first person to understand the way out of

this difficult human dilemma. Centuries before that sensitive and noble prophet Jeremiah had written of the day when the law would be written in men's hearts. Here you have the whole secret. As long as goodness is a compulsion from without, men will hate it. Whenever it is a devotion gladly rising from within, they will love it.

And this finding of a new motive which transfigured an old morality, Paul achieved when he gave his utter allegiance to Jesus Christ. In Jesus the law was alive and looking out of human eyes, reaching forth eager human hands and coming to men with all the wonder of the friendliness of a great heart. You can love a person. And so when the law became personal and full of compassion, it won the heart of Paul. The great achievement of Jesus was to take law which had been a duty and transform it so that it became a devotion. He put a singing gladness at the heart of every "thou shalt" which rang its clarion summons to the spirit of man.

One dares to believe that it is the solution of Paul, the solution which he learned in a glad and creative experience of the love of Christ, which this eager, masterful, restless age of ours most needs. It is not a deliverance from law for which we wait. That would disintegrate society and uproot civilisation. It is a deliverance within law. It is a transfiguration of law. Freedom and stability, liberty and order, spontaneous initiative and obedience meet together in the experience to which Paul gave such classic expression. He uprooted many things. He tore down many things. But society was safe in his hands because Jesus Christ had put the love of goodness in his heart. The world will be safe and the world will be free when we, too, find the secret of spontaneous and joyous and creative allegiance to that unselfish goodness which lived in the stainless splendour of the life of the Man of Galilee. And when we learn that the life of God is an eternal, creative and joyous goodness, then we have really discovered the secret of the harmony of a universe where all at last is law and yet all at last is love.

IV

THE CONFLICT OF IDEALS

"I am the way." John 14:6.

"So many paths that wind and wind," cried a discouraged poet. And here you have one of the most baffling and bewildering aspects of the life of man. As long as the human spirit is heavy and sluggish and sodden, we feel that all would be well if it were only possible to rouse this sleeping giant. When there comes "to that untutored clod thoughts of destiny and God" then everything will be changed. The trumpet blast of the ideal is the hope of the world. And the belief that something in man will stir and rise and act in response to that summons is the very basis of all noble optimism about humanity.

But when the trumpet blows it turns out to be a whole series of trumpets. When the ideal calls it turns out to be a series of ideals. And the trumpets call to causes which do not agree. And the ideals glow with enthusiasms which move toward inevitable conflict. The unity of life and purpose seems to be hopelessly lost in the confused contentions of conflicting ideals. Men's very courage becomes their undoing as they fight in the dark. Their very capacity for noble self-giving becomes a tragic thing as they fight to the death in opposing armies, each cherishing an unconquerable hope, each following a dauntless ideal. One of the most urgent problems which confront our modern society thus comes to be the unifying or at least the harmonising of our ideals. Let us think together of some of the ideals which men have followed and of the solution of that great Master who said "I am the Way."

1.—The Ideal of Possession. It would be a matter of very great interest were it possible for us to follow the trails of human life back to the first man who ever said "mine," back to the feeling of personal possession which lay behind that little alluring word. The desire to own, the desire to possess, has entered most deeply into the very bone and fibre of mankind. And the light which falls upon the thought of possession is the ideal which allures and summons many a life. "When I was a small boy," said a wealthy man who was talking with curious frankness at a reunion of his college fraternity, "I saw a silver coin lying in the street. Another boy saw it at the same time. Each of us ran for it. I got there first. I have kept on seeing. I have kept on running. I have kept on getting there first." Men are not often willing to talk of the acquisitive impulse with such bald and crude honesty. But here you have it in all its simplicity. And a good many people who use finer phrases to describe their attitude are after all deceived by it as completely as the man who put the case so bluntly.

It is easy to see that a world of contending personalities driven by the unadulterated lust for acquisition can only bring sorrow and heartbreak and tragedy to the world. A man in such a world becomes cold and remorseless, a veritable incarnation of selfishness. One has no desire to deny the legitimate place of the desire to possess in the organism of human life. But that desire alone has the secret of the wrecking of society in it. The man who accepts such an ideal becomes the sort of man "Whose faith unfaithful makes him falsely true." He can only be true to it by being false to the deepest meaning of life.

2.—The Ideal of Self-Expression. The more we study the psychology of the human species the more we become aware that the instinct for self-expression is a very fundamental matter in personality. A thought is not fully ours until we have put it into words. We have not fully apprehended a feeling until we have put it into action. That quality of our life by which we feel the necessity for

expression of all that is deepest and most characteristic of our individuality, is not something we choose, it is something which is structural in our natures. A man who did not desire for self-expression would not be a man. So it has inevitably come about that the struggle for ample self-expression has become the great ideal in many a life. And frequently that struggle has led to the most wonderful productiveness in the realms of art and literature, of music and poetry and painting. Great writing trails the secrets of a man's soul in glorious speech. Great music pours out the deepest pain and passion and hope of the human spirit in deathless sounds.

But this ideal of self-expression needs to be scrutinised with a good deal of honest analysis. There are a great many people in the world. And a few million of human units furiously seeking self-expression can easily produce an enormous amount of confusion and bitterness. In fact, the history of man is full of the wreckage lying in the wake of this impulse where it has gone madly down the ways of life; unmastered and untutored and uninterpreted. We will discover, if we are persistent and honest in our thinking, that self-expression itself only comes to deep and abiding satisfaction when it is related to something beyond the self. The man who exploits others for the sake of his own abounding personality, not only brutally wrongs them, but fails at last of personal satisfaction. The bitter restlessness of life which has known no principle but aggressive self-assertion tells its own very significant story. A generation which thinks only of self-assertion will in the dust and ashes of a disintegrated society discover that the self which is wisely asserted must somehow get other selves within the realm of its deepest thought. The man who said, "We become the most ourselves by being the most to others," did more than is indicated by the verbal swing of the epigram which he produced. He stated a principle which is fundamental to society.

3.—The Ideal of Knowledge. The Grammarian in

Browning's notable poem decided "not to live but know." And he is the type of a great number of keen and powerful personalities who have made the end of life the attaining of knowledge. The world without is endlessly whetting our curiosity. The world behind is perpetually rousing us to scholarly investigation. The world within is all the while alluring us to observation and study. The commonwealth of the men who know is one of the greatest of the fraternities of the world. And the ideal of knowledge as the goal of life has glowed like a summoning flame before the mind of many a scholar. One must feel the grandeur of such an ideal. The men who allow more visible rewards and more material achievements to pass beyond the scope of their thought and give their lives to the reading of the story of the universe as it is written in stars and rocks, in living things and in the human spirit, in the records of civilisation and in the deathless hope which emerges with new grandeur after every decadent age, are at work in a great and noble task. Whether the master of classification be Aristotle in the fourth century before Christ or Herbert Spencer in the nineteenth century after Christ, the spectacle of a man coordinating the available human knowledge in a vast system, whose classified results are within the reach of contemporary men, is one to rouse the mind and to stir the imagination. And all those men of microscopic learning who confine themselves to the detailed examination of small bits of territory in particular fields that the material for generalisation may be ready for a later day deserve our warmest and heartiest praise. The ideal of scholarship proves that the soul is alive in the civilised life of man. But we must be frank in facing the fact that there are limitations to this ideal of the attainment of knowledge. The habit of the pursuit of knowledge as the great and mastering end of life tends to produce a type of mind which is strong in criticism and weak in action. It tends to produce a habit of thought which makes men cool spectators rather than dauntless participants in the struggle of existence. And again and

again it produces a sort of contented preoccupation with the details of knowledge in a part of some particular field which becomes incapable of the larger outlook and the more complete survey. Scholasticism did not come to an end with the completion of the middle ages. There is a scientific scholasticism which depletes the mental life of scholars in the white light of our own age.

4.—The Ideal of Thought. There are men who feel by a quick instinct that an age is bound to end in futility which does not produce clear-eyed and commanding thinkers. They discover that men can know without being able to think. And they make thought the goal of their endeavour. It is a great thing that in the midst of the heat and roar and noisy efficiency of our age there are men who have made a quiet place for themselves in which they can approach the task of "seeing life steadily and of seeing it whole"; of subjecting all the manifold elements of our experience to the stern test of thought. None too many men in any age really mount to thinkers' thrones. And those who make the endeavour deserve an encouragement far more eager than we have given to them. All about us are mistakes and tragedies which even a little thought would have avoided. The man who makes his ideal the capacity to think clearly and soundly and productively deserves well of his fellow men. It is a curious thing that our universities are full of men so busy in classifying the materials this rich and abounding age has brought within our scrutiny that they do not have time to think about them. The serene and steady and capable thinker dwelling where all the departments of investigation meet is a *rara avis* in contemporary centres of learning.

It is clear, however, that the thinker, too, must look to his limitations. He is often tempted to do his work upon an insufficient basis of dependable investigation. And so there is produced the man who is brilliant but unreliable. And he is tempted to feel that the man who has thought his way through a problem has also lived his way through that problem. The great achievement of crossing the

gulf between thought and life involves problems of which the thinker often possesses all too little understanding.

5.—The Ideal of Action. Lord Charnwood's sympathetic and notable book on Theodore Roosevelt has reminded us once more what a great place the man of potent and skillful action can occupy in the life of his time. And it may be said that in a good many ways the man of action is the characteristic man of our day. Dr. Grenfell met Dwight L. Moody years after that shrewd and earnest Evangelist had made a profound impression upon him as a young man in London. When Moody had listened to the words of appreciation of the incentive given long ago he flashed out the question, "And what have you been doing since?" The world now knows very well what Grenfell of Labrador had been doing since and continues to do until this day. The strength of deeds speaks to the very heart of our time. And the man who makes action his ideal has caught much of the deepest feeling in contemporary life and has turned it into the music of a summoning aspiration.

The man of action, however, can easily be a menace to society. Everything depends upon the quality of his acts. The men who feel that it does not matter very much what you do so that you do it vividly and brilliantly and successfully are likely to leave a trail of devastation behind them. There should be a man of thought dwelling in the brain of every man of action. And at last the thought of others should be called into service at every step of his powerful way. One wonders as one watches the enthusiastic crowds moving through the tomb of Napoleon in Paris how many of them understand the difference between a man of action and a man whose actions really further the life of the world.

6.—The Ideal of Power. The era behind us in America produced a series of magnates in business whose story is likely to make astounding reading to the people who live in this land a few generations hence. And here industrial and commercial and economic action were made

the vehicle of the most extraordinary power. The bending of the forces of nature and production and organisation and transportation and salesmanship to the creation of great and overwhelming power, involved qualities of leadership of the most definite and notable character. And so in another fashion there was expressed the age-old ideal of the man of power.

We can read the story in vastly different ages and in manifold relationships. From the modern captain of industry we can turn to Charlemagne or Alexander. All the while it is the same story at bottom, the story of the belief in power as the goal of life. The men of power have left an indelible impression upon the life of the world. We cannot read the tale of their living without kindled minds and quickened imagination. But here again there are important qualifications if we would really appraise the significance of this ideal. For power can be used to deplete life. And power can be used to increase life. There is a power which is like one of those malignant diseases which have swept over Europe. The Black Death was very powerful, but its power was a blighting, deadly thing. There have been men of power whose destructive frenzy has rivalled the Black Death. You must scrutinise the fashion in which power is obtained. And you must know the way in which it is used if you would estimate the meaning of the ideal of power for the life of man.

7.—The Ideal of Fellowship. We seem to be moving in an entirely different world when we come upon those gracious and luminous personalities whose ideal of life has been the achieving of human fellowship. The man who is capable of being a friend is a high and notable person. The man who is capable of being a friend to all of whom he can think or feel, is a fine flower of the most understanding aspiring and living. Saint Francis of Assisi was a sort of Prince of human fellowship. He possessed a genius for loving which gives him a place all his own among the children of men.

Maarten Maartens in his story, "God's Fool," tells of

a blighted personality with no mental or human power at all, it seemed, except the power to love. And at last this unselfish fool seems to have caught a light divine about his person as he stands amidst the hard sordidness of men who were able to know but had not learned to love.

Our hearts become mellow as we stand in the presence of men like Saint Francis. And even as we take off our sandals as we stand on that holy ground, we remember that love must be efficient if it is to do the greatest work in the world. We remember that fellowship must have a keen mind and a steady will behind it if it is really to make the greatest contribution to the life of the world. We catch a fleeting vision of a Plato, a Caesar and a Francis of Assisi made into one.

8.—The Ideal of Service. Every age has its own great words. And one of the greatest words of this day of our own is the word service. It is so often on our lips that one might fear it would be worn threadbare. But there is so much sincerity behind it, there is so much solid and capable effort in it, that this good and gracious word keeps its individuality and its power. The story of the life of a man like Jacob Riis in New York City is the tale of a keen mind and a resilient personality which caught the vision of human service as the great ideal of life. And out of his years of effort the desert of a city's slums began to blossom as a rose. The great cities and the lowly places of need about the world have felt once and again in our day the flashing of the light of this ideal of service. Reformers and philanthropists, missionaries and teachers, have poured the burning enthusiasms of a passion for service into great tasks all about the world. Of course it did not begin with our time. But this ideal in a unique sense has come to its own in our day.

We have yet much to learn about it. Your endeavour to serve may fail to upbuild the very personality and the society you desire to help if it is not wise and understanding. Service needs the trained mind to give it efficiency,

and the loving heart to give it quickening power. It is another ideal which never comes to its best alone.

These are only a few examples of the great ideals which have fought and struggled in the minds and hearts of men. How easy it is to be confused and baffled amidst their contentions. How easy it is to lose one's way even with the trumpets blowing all about.

And now we are ready for the great word of the Master. We are ready to see Him as on the tossing sea of the world's ideals He says, "Peace, be still." We are ready to listen to His words, "I am the Way."

9.—The Ideal of Jesus. When Jesus was about to depart from the world, Thomas voiced a lonely and wistful feeling which fell upon the hearts of the disciples as they listened to words of parting which they heard without more than half comprehending them. The present was clouded with mist. The future was shrouded with gloom. They were in the darkness of a deep and sad ignorance. Then it was that Jesus spoke the words of glad reassurance, "I am the Way." With Jesus alone ideal and realisation were one. And his life had the seal of eternity upon it. He expressed values which time cannot exhaust. And so he made immortality inevitable. That stainless unselfishness, that glowing winsome friendliness, that creative inspiration which characterised the whole personality of Jesus constituted a living expression of the ideal which he brought to the world. He alone could say, "I am the Way."

With his ideal in command of a life, all other ideals fall into their rightful place. The desire for possession is completely saved from becoming a passion for exploitation. The ideal of self-expression is saturated with the generous spirit of feeling for others. The passion for knowledge is kept human and sympathetic. The ideal of thought is kept near to the demand for action. The ideal of action is controlled by the sense of justice. The ideal of power is made gentle and enriching. The ideals of fellowship and service are lifted to a new glory. The clue to the

way through the labyrinth of ideals is found in the spirit of Jesus. He organised them into new potency, saving them from by-products of evil and welding them into an organism of good. The biographies of the men inspired by Jesus tell how each of them has caught something of the meaning of all this. The history of Christian living is the tale of a triumphant idealism becoming increasingly potent in the life of the world. "Before I die one glimpse, the way! the way!" cried a powerful young poet. The answer to every such cry is the one personality which touches the real with all the glory of the ideal and without strain or exaggeration and with entire simplicity can say, "I am the Way."

V

THE CONFLICT OF IDEAS

"I am . . . the truth." John 14:6.

All the while as you study the gospels you are seeing Jesus with the light falling upon his face in a new fashion. The exhaustless fertility of his personality is all the while expressing itself in new and varied relationships. The interview between Jesus and Pilate is one of the occasions when you have a new sense of the quality and the insight of the Master.

On the one side is the able, powerful man of the world, the Roman governor with the genius for administration characteristic of his nation giving him the method of viewing all problems from the point of view which is related to practical expediency. Pilate is selfish and cruel, but he has certain broad views characteristic of the Roman mind. And he is not without an urbane sense of justice. There is a world weariness and cynicism about Pilate which do not escape the attention of the close observer. But he is a personage of power and leadership, and his life has been fed by all the richness of the Roman tradition.

In contrast with this brilliant blasé Roman governor, Jesus is a simple man of the out of doors. The finish of the social centres of the world gives grace to the movements of Pilate. There is a regal quality about the bearing of Jesus which cannot escape the observer. But it is not the fineness of intriguing courts. It is a certain ample and gracious simplicity with a strange moral authority at its heart. Weary as He is after the events of the last night, Jesus makes the impression of being trium-

phantly and gloriously alive. It is as if perpetual youth gleams in His eyes. It is as if immortality shines in His face. There is sorrow and pain and deep and tragic woe in those eyes. But there is no cynicism. There is no hard disillusionment. And beneath all the sorrow there is a deep and ineffable peace. You have the feeling that Pilate with all his wide experience in the great world has never sounded the depths of life or the motives of men as has this peasant prophet who bears Himself like a king and who is so great that He never needs to think of Himself.

Very soon the interview reveals the real qualities of the two men. Pilate for all his authority soon and inevitably takes the second place and Jesus talks to him with the kindly simplicity with which he might speak to a little child. It is as if He deeply pities this man who is so caught in the coils of the world's indirection that it is very difficult for him to think with clear candour or to speak with noble directness without hidden meanings lurking in the silences back of his speech. Jesus reassures Pilate, who is on the lookout for possible revolutionary movements, by telling him that His Kingdom is not a realm of contending soldiers and flashing swords. It is a Kingdom of the truth. Pilate is relieved but half contemptuous. This then is not a leader of a dangerous movement but a harmless visionary. A Kingdom of the truth. Pilate toys with the idea. "What," he asks in idle cynicism, "What is truth?" On another occasion Jesus spoke the words we have used as a basis for our discussion, words which He might now have uttered in the presence of Pilate. "I am the truth." But Pilate could not have understood such words. And Jesus knew only too well the futility of uttering them as he stood in the presence of the proud Roman. So the two faced each other for a moment. The one represented a Kingdom of force. The other represented the Kingdom of truth. And it is of truth that we wish now to think.

What a curious and evasive thing truth is! How long and difficult is the quest. How far and high is the goal!

How men differ as to what truth is! How they differ as to the fashion in which it may be sought and found!

Robert Browning's great poem, "The Ring and the Book," illustrates what I have in mind. The same sordid tale of a Roman murder is told again and again in this poem which is about as long as the New Testament. From a dozen different points of view the story is narrated. "Half Rome" sympathises with the husband. The wife was guilty and ought to have been killed. "The Other Half Rome" sympathises with the wife. The husband was a brute. The wife was an innocent victim. "Tertium quid," a typical mind of microscopic appraisal, analyses the elements of the tale out of all relation to reality. He represents the tragedy of pure analysis. The lawyers represent dialectical skill rather than the seeking of truth. The characters speak in honesty or in brilliant attempt at self-defence. The Pope represents analytical power with a certain sense, for reality a certain deep and noble vision added. And as you read all these contradictory and different interpretations once and again you feel dizzy and confused. These madly contending ideas fighting in the dark seem at certain stages of the poem to leave you quite helpless. The search for truth seems then an almost fruitless adventure.

Dean John H. Wigmore of the Law School of Northwestern University, whose work on Evidence has won an international reputation, has a dramatic way of bringing home to the minds of young law students the difficulty of getting at the truth even in ordinary matters. He stages a little scene before the class. It works out in some such fashion as this. Just as the class is about to settle down and listen to a lecture, the door opens. An excited man interrupts the speaker. He talks wildly. He refuses to be silent. He is finally put out. The class the while looks on with a good deal of excited astonishment. When the little scene is over each member of the class is asked to write down just what occurred. When this has been done the papers are collected. The next day Dean Wig-

more reads aloud the most astonishingly contradictory accounts of what occurred. The man was tall. The man was short. The man was fat. The man was thin. He had a moustache. He was cleanly shaven. He struck the teachers. He did nothing but talk. He fell to the floor as he resisted those who attempted to remove him from the room. He went out fighting as he was pushed through the door. And all this represents the power of close observation on the part of a group of highly trained young college men who are entering upon a course in law.

One cannot deny that from the realm of facts on to the remotest problems which have to do with the ultimate nature of reality itself the quest for truth is a terribly difficult and testing thing.

But there has been such a quest. And there is such a quest. That alone would give a strange glory to the story of man's adventure of living in this world. The astonishing thing is not that men found the quest for truth difficult. It is that they should ever have entered upon it at all. Centuries before Christ came the fight for truth became one of the great battles of the world. And though ideas have met in wild and terrible contention ever since, the very fact that such a conflict can arise puts humanity in a place of awful and august nobility.

We are sometimes inclined to think that there is no disillusionment like the disillusionment of our age. We inflated our moral currency and the process of ethical liquidation is hard and difficult enough. And discouraged men and women are sometimes inclined to give up the quest for truth in a world where there are so many lies.

If we find ourselves in such a mood it is well to go back to the fourth century before Christ in Athens and to witness the career of a man who was born just a little too late. Plato had tremendous powers of mind and amazing qualities of personal leadership. But the process of decadence had gone so far in Greece that the opportunity for a great leader had passed before Plato came to the ripeness of mind and the fullness of power which made leadership

on his part possible. There is scarcely a more unhappy or terrible experience than for a man of great powers to arrive in the world just a little too late to put those powers at the service of great and world-influencing activities. Plato lived in the Athens which killed Socrates. He lived in the Greece which had lost capacity for cohesive action. And what did Plato do? One can easily see how he could have sunk into misanthropy declaring that truth can never make a place for itself in this bitter and difficult world. One can see how he could have become a Hamlet before the days of Hamlet, hopelessly declaring that the times are out of joint, using a noble mind in ways which with all their brilliancy proved incapable and unproductive at last. What did Plato do?

In a world which seemed at the time to have no place for the truth as he saw it, he stood steady and serene and undisturbed. He cast his ideas in great faith into the sky, crying, "There at least you are real. If not in this world, in the world above it. If not in time, in Eternity, truth is King." And so he wrought out that philosophy of ideas which has given a new standing room to idealism in all the ages since. He believed that truth is structural in the universe even when he was confronted by falseness and deception and confusion in the world which he knew.

Some other men of his time were all the while taking another attitude which indeed had been well defined in Athens the century before. The popular sophist was not a devotee of truth. He was a devotee of mental adroitness. He could make an equally good speech on any side of any subject. The contention of ideas was not a matter of principle with him. It was a matter of shrewd sharp practice. He treated ideas as pawns in the game. Every age has varieties of men who in different ways represent this type. To many a Roman governor truth was not an end in itself. It was a means to political ends. In a modern Democracy it is easy to develop the type of mind to which disagreeable truth seems an impertinence in the presence of practical political expediency. A truth

which is not imperial ceases to be truth. And the men who play with reality complicate endlessly the always testing and demanding quest for truth.

Now let us look at Jesus again as He stands in the presence of Pilate. The one represents a glorified expediency. Pilate can send an innocent man to his death if it will solidify his rule. The other represents a dauntless loyalty. Jesus is ready to die for the truth.

But there is something even deeper than this. Jesus' whole quest for truth was a matter of mighty moral adventure. He had no mathematical knowledge of whom He was or of what was His work in the world. He had no hard and rigid demonstration as to the nature of goodness and of God. His knowledge was the knowledge of faith. A great vision of the meaning of God, of the meaning of goodness, of the tremendous and eternal significance of His own personality, of the tragedy of evil, of the possibility of the rescue of men swept through His mind. He accepted it. He gave Himself to it. He risked everything in the name of it. And in the hour of absolute self-giving and loyal faithfulness He found certainty.

His consciousness of His own relation to God was a moral and spiritual experience. It was perpetually being confirmed by an act of faith. It was realised in a life of faith. It was absolutely confirmed by a death of faith. It was as He risked everything upon His own flaming vision of His mission that all things became eternally clear. Truth to Him was something you find in the hour of courageous loyalty. It was something you find when you take risks.

Pilate scorned moral risks. He would have regarded himself as too shrewd and practical a man to be caught in the coils of ethical sentiment. And in the very refusal he sealed his fate in a very practical and every-day sense as well as in a most far-reaching fashion. Life is so made that all certainty about the supreme things comes through personal venture. And the type of character developed in that fashion is just the sort which can be trusted with

the great tasks of life. The man who repudiates adventurous moral loyalties sets processes of disintegration into action in his own life. Often the result is pitiable failure in the visible external matters of life. Always the result is an incapacity to appreciate the truth which is attained by means of moral experience. Jesus did not say "I am the truth" to Pilate, for such a sentence would have been meaningless to a man who had turned with final decision from life as an adventure in moral loyalty. Jesus did say "I am the truth" to a group of men who had forsaken all to follow him. They had made the great adventure. They were capable of understanding that there is a truth which comes to you in the hour of noble and self-forgetful action.

Jesus believed that truth arises with its own sure authentication when in the hour of illumination we decide to risk everything in the name of the highest which we know. He was sure that day as He stood in the presence of Pilate because He looked far beyond the Roman governor. And straight across His own path He saw a cross. He was willing to risk even that. And so as He gave Himself to die, truth lived in Him. The mists vanish in the presence of a courage and a faith which is willing to put truth to such a test.

The principle holds true of all human relations: of friendship, of the home, of the state, of the world. The truth is waiting for those who are willing to risk everything in the name of the highest conception of these relations. Only in that glorious self-sacrifice which is a mother's life does a woman know the meaning and the truth of motherhood. Without it she might bear children without ever being a true mother at all. And all the great integrities of life, its moral laws and its spiritual possibilities are revealed to the men and women who like dauntless explorers are willing to set sail on the ships of their faith. The reality of religion, the assurance of fellowship with God, the glad expectation of immortality are moral experiences and become commanding and vital in the

hours when we are willing to risk everything for them. As Donald Hankey said, "Religion is betting your life on the existence of God!" But it is more than that. For in the hour when we make the great venture hopes become certainties and faith is assurance. Certainty comes just when we put everything into the great enterprise.

We can imagine another kind of certainty. We can think of another approach to truth. As the tide lifts all the boats we can imagine a certainty lifting all our minds from without. It might be very comfortable. But it would lack the greatest moral worth and the greatest spiritual meaning. The test every man can make is the dauntless loyalty to the noblest visions of good which come to him. And in that loyalty contending ideas find their way into unity and conflicting aspects of truth find gracious harmony. Even Jesus in Whose face we see the face of God found certainty in the loyalty of perpetual moral adventure. And just that sort of certainty he desired for his disciples. "I am the truth" He could say, for He exemplified the only way by which torn and broken men could find their way to moral and spiritual certainty. They, too, were to make the adventure. They, too, were to know the truth. And the truth was to make them free.

The most difficult age is then the greatest age. For it gives the best opportunity for the taking of noble risks, for the great moral adventures, for the assurance which comes in the hour when in spite of clouds and darkness men hold the rudder steady and sail for an invisible shore. When a man can say

"if my bark sink
Tis to another sea"

faith has already become knowledge, and it is the most productive sort of knowledge if Christ is with him in the bark. The fellowship with Jesus in a career of moral adventure is the supreme experience of life.

VI

THE CONFLICT OF EXPERIENCES

"I am . . . the Life." John 14: 6.

Many people are afraid of ideals. They consign them to the realm of delicate and evanescent poetry in order to escape their insistent demand. They feel that the idealist who takes his visions seriously is all the while climbing tortuous mountain trails with falls and bruises as his hourly portion and if he reaches the dizzy summit it is a lonely crag barren of warm life and interest, with wild abysses beneath into which it is all too easy to fall. They plead endless clever excuses whenever they hear the call to ideal heights.

There are many people who are afraid of talk about truth. The very word sounds academic. The battle for scholastic distinction does not interest them. Argument easily becomes clever sophistry and they are ready to avoid it if they may. They are busy men, moving about the turbulent streets of our modern town. They are under the constant pressure of difficult and insistent demands. They have parted company with poetry. They have no time for abstractions. So they say and so they believe. They belong to a grim and practical brotherhood. To drop into their own vernacular, they are men of brass tacks. At the moment we will not concern ourselves with the easy fallacies of their thinking which make it easy for them to miss the meaning of the word of Jesus when with great ideals blazing before Him He declares "I am the way." We will not concern ourselves with that near-sightedness of the mind which fails to feel the urgent

power of his word, when speaking of ideas Jesus declares, "I am the truth." But we will remind ourselves that there is a realm which even the most hard-headed and shrewdly practical man cannot avoid. He may turn from ideals and fly from general principles. But he cannot avoid the pressure of experiences. The world of events holds him in its grasp. The world of activity moves all about him. It picks him up and carries him on. The actions and the reactions of people and things play with vast momentum through his personality. He is a part of it all. He cannot escape experience. And so when Jesus says "I am . . . the life" he speaks in a language whose intimate significance for every individual cannot be denied. The adventure of living is the adventure which every one of us is making.

Let us think together this morning of some of the types of life which characterise the human adventure. Let us see the fashion in which they meet and contend. And then let us try to see the relation of Jesus to it all.

There is, first of all, that very characteristic product, the aggressive life. Very early in biological experience this type emerges. When living things first come out of the water to take possession of the land you have a response to this instinct of aggression. When an early man, shrinking with terror and yet drawn by curiosity and interest, sees the lightning play among the trees of a forest in a storm, sees dead branches on dead trees catch fire, and when one of them falls to the ground, moves toward it in fascinated and terrified daring, picks up the end of the branch which is not burning, triumphantly carries it about, holds it near to another bit of dry wood, discovers with an accession of delighted interest that the fire ignites that dry wood, and so works on to make fire his servant, you have a tremendously interesting illustration of the aggressive mind in action.

The aggressive man is one of the pivotal men of the world. He is the pioneer. He is the explorer. He is the bringer in of new days of hope and of opportunity.

He is also a very dangerous man. For the man of aggression easily becomes a tyrant. He bends men to his will. He crushes whatever stands in his way. He leaves trails of blood behind him. He is the hope and the terror of the world. And the point about all this for our discussion is just that these things have happened and are happening in the world. We are not thinking now of aggression as ideal but of aggression as practice. And we may say that all of us have felt and have responded to impulses of aggression. And all of us in one way or another have suffered from the tyranny of aggression. It is a structural part of the experience of life.

Then there is the acquisitive life. Humanity is all the while finding that life is a series of episodes which connect themselves with possessive pronouns. The acquisitive life never gets beyond "mine." It is a personally conducted declension which begins with "I," goes on to "my" or "mine," but never reaches "thine." Here again we are not thinking of wide-eyed lads picturing conquests in the quickened fancy which so glows and blazes in youthful dreams. We are not thinking of the Count of Monte Cristo climbing to a height and with imagination hot with anticipation crying, "The world is mine." We are thinking of the acquisitive life in action. It would be wonderfully interesting to have a series of photographs of all the great misers of the world. If we could pass them all in review, cataloguing their characteristics, and analysing their essential qualities, we would know what the acquisitive life does to a man. And the faces would not all be the faces of men of wealth. A man may live a completely acquisitive life although he never deals with very large sums. The grim light of possession may gleam in eyes which barter goodness and truth for a strangely small price. A man may have the touch which turns his heart to hard and glittering gold, although he never works that wonder in any other fashion. And the acquisitive life may make no end of things the reward of its struggle. The tale of it is told in every lonely countryside. It is

repeated in every town. It swells to a great chorus in every city.

But very soon we discover that the lives of powerful aggression belong to the few, and although all men are tempted to think too much of acquisition, the lives in whose experience the acquisitive motives are dominant are in a minority. In fact, speaking upon the largest plane of human experience, we may say that in many ways the lives of the majority of the people in the world have been controlled from without rather than from within. Sometimes circumstances master men. Sometimes institutions master them. Sometimes other people master them. There are multitudes of hard and sullen faces, there are multitudes of pale and patient faces, there are multitudes of listless and expressionless faces which tell the tale of lives buffeted and thrown down and mastered by forces outside themselves. Life seems very often to take an angry and resisting mortal, to thrust him into an ugly and bitter little corner and to say "stay there." Sometimes the machinery of life crushes personality. Men get caught in the wheels. They are drawn by the belts. They have no life of their own. Experience grasps them in one hard hand and strikes them with the other and as it strikes they seem to hear a scornfully cruel voice which says, "Take that!—and that!—and that!"

Men can simply give up all resistance under such pressure. They can cease to call their souls their own. They can lie down in listless acceptance of a bitter fate. And multitudes on multitudes of men do just that.

On the other hand, they can become rebels. They can rise after every rebuff and go forth to battle. Like the warrior in the ballad they can lie down and bleed a while and then rise up to fight again. Age after age the apostles of revolt come and go. One of the disciples of Jesus was a zealot, a member of the fraternity of rebellion in his day. Every century has its grim antagonists standing on the edges of life and shaking their fists at the universe.

There is a third way to deal with this problem in

experience of the life controlled from without. This is the way of the acceptance of limitations without being quelled by them or without having our personality crushed. A man can accept life with a calm and quiet strength, which maintains a certain quality of independence even in the years of adjustment to difficult and hard-pressing circumstance. Arthur Benson in one of his volumes of essays tells a story of an old nurse of gracious and noble personality who actually made a great career out of a position of relative servitude. She was simply and obviously superior to the circumstances of which she was a part. She accepted them. She used them. She built a noble life out of them.

Our contemporary life is full of the restlessness of the great refusal to accept the limitations of circumstances and all the elements of control enforced from without. As one studies the middle ages, with all their obvious backwardness, but with so much of quiet charm, so much of joy in life and then thinks of the nerve-torn restlessness of the world today, it is inevitable that many long, long thoughts should be suggested to the brooding mind.

There is, of course, in the world of experience all about us, such a thing as productive activity. And the lives of productive activity are singularly happy. It is all the opposite of the mood which is all the while taking things to pieces. When I was a small boy I found a singular happiness in getting hold of an old clock and taking it apart. Once and again I unfastened the wheels and took them out of their places. But I never succeeded in putting a clock together again. There is an interest which belongs to the experience of destruction. But it brings no permanent satisfaction.

On the other hand productive activity enriches the world. The inventor and the artist give to mankind something which was not possessed before. The builder of a bridge, the men who construct a railroad, or a ship, who paint pictures and write noble poems, the men who think out the essential elements of complex situations and write

books of bright and keen insight, these men have a kind of zest in achievement which is a part of the gladness of human experience. The activity of spontaneous happiness is one of the supreme achievements open to human kind. The observation of such a life gives a man a new confidence as to the significance and the future of human life.

These are only a few of the types of human experience which emerge as we survey the foaming sea of rational existence on this planet. The aggressive life, and the acquisitive life, the life of slavery, the life of revolt, the life of accepted and transcended limitations, the life of destructive energies, the life of productive and creative activity, how they meet and do battle upon the arena of the world!

The life of man seems like a vast maelstrom of contending experiences, and as we look at the rush and roar and intensity of it all, we may be pardoned if we stand on the brink with hesitation and anxiety and even with alarm. Bulwer Lytton once wrote a story of a man who went through certain years of his life with the sense that he was a spectator of human experience and not a participant in its vicissitudes. There are moments and there are moods when most men feel that they would choose that. But the moments pass. The moods go. They do not represent us at our best. And in any event sooner or later the currents of life draw us into the place where the experiences of life meet in tempestuous conflict.

It is in this torn, troubled and turbulent existence that we find Jesus Christ, so quiet, so calm, and so strong. And over the noise of the roaring waters we hear Him say "I am the life." It is a tremendous assertion. And as we look upon Him so unspeakably steady and firm and sure and yet so vividly alive, we feel that He had a right to make it. And we begin to ask ourselves if we can apprehend the elements of that sure and untroubled yet vital serenity which characterised His manhood. There

are at least a few things which stand out clearly when we begin to make the analysis.

It is definitely seen first of all that nothing outside His own personality could disturb him. Here I stand today fairly happy and comfortable. But one word in a telegram might plunge me into abject misery and crush me to the earth. As you look at Jesus you know that nothing can disturb His calm and steady spirit. There were fires in His heart which would burn up any bitterness which could enter from without. He found satisfaction not in the things which the life about gives and takes away. And so He was not subject to the vicissitudes which come with all the changes of this bewildering world. He made every unfriendly event an ally of His deepest life by bending it to some moral and spiritual purpose. It was not that He was indifferent to things and people. It was just that this dominant inner life found a way to use every experience for the purposes of that triumphant goodness which was the essence of His life.

Then, and in a sense growing out of this, there is a contrast which comes to us very quickly as we go on thinking of our lives and comparing them with His. We are all the while conscious that we are expressing only a part of ourselves in our words and in our deeds. There is something tragically fragmentary and incomplete about our lives. We are not able even to keep in consciousness all that we mean or all that we are. If we replied honestly when the roll is called sometimes we would reply "one-half present," sometimes we would say "one-third present," and I am afraid that sometimes we would have to say "one-tenth present." But Jesus was all the while completely present. He brought His whole personality to every experience. All that He was lived in each aspect of His life. The fragmentary was transcended in the complete.

He found His path through the world by organising all of His life about a great moral love. His love of right-

eousness kept Him from being unjust. His love of humanity kept Him from being unkind. But such sentences only hint at the fashion in which all ethical insight and noble feeling live in His inner life and come forth in the stainless beauty of perfect deeds.

He lived in poverty. Yet He was never poor. His riches of personality made incidental His poverty in things. And He had much to say about riches, always seeing in wealth something which must be completely controlled and mastered by moral and spiritual purpose. He had a deep pity for the man who became the slave of his own possessions. He faced more limitations than we. He went through life deliberately refusing to use for Himself any power not within the reach of other men. And He deliberately shut out of His life things which came within the area of the right and usual experiences of men. Though His teachings contain the seed of many a revolution, He was too great for revolt. He knew that the spectacle of a life triumphant in spite of adverse circumstances was an even more fundamental necessity for humanity than the offer of leadership in the battle for reform. So often the struggler for reform has an evil in his own heart as tragic as that against which he is fighting. Christians inevitably do battle with ancient and entrenched evil. But their Master is all the while inspiring a type of character in which reformation is transcended in the moral and spiritual splendours of the new order and even the old order is unable to prevent the gracious flowers and the noble fruitage of moral and spiritual victory in the life of man.

You get a sudden hint of what He did for men when you see Paul in chains before the sumptuous King Agrippa. At first as you look at the surface of the picture you say, "I pity this prisoner." Then as you look more deeply you say, "I pity this king," for you sense the presence of a quality in personal and spiritual life which has time and eternity on its side.

Where Jesus accepted limitations, He transcended

them. Where He lived patiently with malignant evil about, He set going forces before which evil would fall. And all the while He and the men who learned His secret faced life gladly, because aggression and acquisitiveness, submission and creative activity, the forces of life and the soul, were bent to complete allegiance to a principle of moral discrimination which was the very basis of a life of inner harmony and outer strength and beauty. He had the right to say, "I am the life." And he had the right to say, "I came that they may have life and have it abundantly."

VII

THE CONFLICT OF SALVATIONS

“No one cometh unto the Father, but by me.” John 14: 6.

The sense of failure has settled heavily upon the world. Underneath all the differences of race and colour and creed there is this bitter and tragic sense of ideals unrealised, of hopes which have never come to fulfillment, of folly and futility, of dolorous incapacity to achieve a full and complete and satisfactory life. Once in a while a bright and brittle creed of success fills the mind of a people, and men shout their phrases of superficial optimism with a determined indifference to disagreeable facts. But the deeper and more serious spirits of every land confront the spectacle of human folly and failure with brooding and honest sadness. There is the world-wide sense of a need of rescue. We are caught in a terribly ethical and spiritual debacle. And we do not know what to do as we face its hard and cruel tragedy.

To be sure, thoughtful and earnest spirits of many lands have faced the problem. Many attempts have been made to understand and to analyse its elements. Let us study some of these revealing and often pathetic and always valuable endeavours. And after we have examined the contending conceptions of human need and the conflicting conceptions of salvation, let us approach the word of Jesus and see what light it throws upon the whole difficult and disconcerting problem.

A very old analysis found in those Far-Eastern lands which early witnessed the coming of men who thought sadly and deeply about human life declared that existence

itself is the fundamental evil and that salvation must consist in being rescued from existence itself. "Isn't life rotten!" exclaims a disillusioned character in a contemporary drama. And there have been men returning from the Great War, young cynics in the midst of the torn and broken world, who have spoken as if they have discovered that there is only a worm at the heart of the apple of life. We have only to bite through to find it. The ugly truth is, they say, that life itself has no soundness. Life itself is not a healthful process of growth. It is a disgusting process of decay. So they say. Centuries before the birth of Christ that thought possessed the minds of men in the Far East who had weighed life in the balances and had found it wanting. Existence itself they felt was a bad and intolerable burden. And the salvation which they sought was deliverance from existence. They would not have said with the Prince Hamlet whom Shakespeare created so many centuries after their time, "To be or not to be; that is the question." They would have said, "To be is a tragedy and how to escape being; that is the question." They did not seek immortality. They feared it. And the one who could assure them of mortality, of the end of life's fitful dream would be to them a Saviour indeed.

Another attitude toward the problem saw the basis of the evil plight of man not in existence but in consciousness. Buddhism came to the feeling that the very awareness of self which is basal in all consciousness has such roots of egotism in it that it is essentially evil. The moment you say "I am I and thou art thou," poison has entered into life. Accord to this view, it would not be a tragic thing to be a star. But the moment a star became conscious of itself, the moment it knew that it was a star, then black and devastating evil would have entered into its experience. The consciousness of self leads to egotism. In fact, it is founded on egotism. The consciousness of other things leads to desire and desire leads to covetousness and theft. The consciousness of others leads to jealousy

and to exploitation. Everything evil leads back to consciousness at last. Where there is no consciousness, there is no evil. Where there is no consciousness, there is no sin. Where there is no consciousness, there is no guilt. Therefore, it is from consciousness that we must be delivered. Salvation from consciousness is the ultimate safety of the soul.

The student of the early period of the life of Saint Augustine will remember that for a number of years he was most deeply interested in a view of life which taught that matter is essentially evil. As long ago as the old Persian dualism, the battle between the good and the evil was regarded as the fundamental conflict of existence. And when once men began to think in the terms of this sharp cleavage and began to have such conceptions as that of mind and matter, of spirit and body, it was very easy to think of the physical as the essentially evil and of the spiritual as the essentially good. The fact that the body may be made the servant of dark and evil vices lent itself to this conception. The reader of Kingsley's "Hypatia" will remember the young Philemon's first sight of pictures of beautiful women, his feeling of fascination as he viewed their lovely faces, and the dark and bitter feeling that they were part of the evil of the world. Men in all ages have fought terrible battles with the body, and under the stress of the struggle it has been easy to feel that the whole physical order is a blighting evil thing. The material has often seemed the foe of the spiritual. The body has often seemed the foe of the mind.

One may remark in passing that this view is forced to pass by rather lightly those evil attitudes which are essentially a mental and spiritual thing. And one may say, too, that it hardly faces the extent to which the body is after all only a beast of burden for the mind. The sins of the body are mental acts which the body is forced to further. Perhaps if we thought clearly we should regard the body as the victim rather than the culprit. In any event the heavy burden of physical experience and all

the ways in which the material may be made the servant of the evil have led many men to decide that matter is the ultimate principle of the wrong of the world, that the physical and the sinful are one. Salvation, then, is deliverance from the body. It is a process of rescue from the physical. To be delivered from matter is to be saved from sin.

The bright young Athenians who listened to the stirring and enticing speech of Socrates found that he had a very definite view of the nature of evil. The last stronghold of the darkness and its ultimate defence were to be found just in ignorance. It was not conceivable to the crystal mind of Socrates that a man would deliberately choose a wrong thing which he knew to be wrong. The power of evil lay essentially in ignorance of its true character. Whenever you knew the whole quality and history of an evil thing you could not love it. The very moment you perceived its true nature, you hated it. The tragedy of the world is its ignorance. The evil of the world is its lack of knowledge. Therefore, what men need is deliverance from ignorance. Therefore, salvation is knowledge. To know the good is to love it, even as to know the evil is to hate it. The man who rescues the world from its ignorance is its Saviour.

With all the fascination of this view and with all the obvious elements of truth which it contains, we may remark, as we move quickly along, that a study of the volitional processes of man will throw light upon aspects of the problem which did not come within the area of the thought of Socrates. There is an evil which can be cured by knowledge. There is an evil which knowledge does not affect. Deliberate wrong doing presents a problem which has far-reaching roots never understood by the most engaging and versatile of the men who talked of great matters upon the streets of Athens.

When a man studies the intricate organisations of modern society and all the fashion in which individuals are caught and crushed in the machinery of life, he begins to

see that the very organisation of the world of men may become the foe of our highest life. It is only a step from this thought to the view that the organisation of the modern world with its vast entanglements of unscrupulous and lawless elements is the enemy of that goodness which is the goal of life. The present order, we are told, makes morality impossible, destroys spirituality and disintegrates the bodily life of man. It is the living embodiment of the forces of destruction. It is the present organisation of society which is the expression of the spirit of sin. It is from society that man must be delivered. Salvation consists in the overthrow of the present social order and the setting up of another in its place.

In the midst of the very situation which leads to such a view other thinkers go once more to the centre of the individual personal life. They are impatient with that repentance of the sins of others and the ignoring of one's own sins which is so easy to the man who condemns this order in which he lives without critically inspecting his own life. They do not deny social evil. They see the necessity for social reform and even for social reconstruction. But at the very basis of all the evil they see a flaw in the individual personal attitude. There is something in a man which causes him to face goodness and come to face God with the bitter challenge, "Not thy will but mine be done." No new social organisation would produce a good world if this tendency of the human heart remained unmastered. As long as individual men and women put personal selfish desires above brotherhood and goodness there can be no better world order which will really satisfy the needs of man. Selfishness is the canker worm at the heart of life. It is selfishness which must be cast from our hearts. Salvation is deliverance from selfishness.

Now we come to the great word of Jesus and we ask, "What did salvation mean to him? How did He view the problem?" It is very clear that He believed that any life in fellowship with the living God of righteous love is a safe and growing life. It is free from the danger of

disintegration. It is relieved from all dark and evil things. Salvation to Jesus was fellowship with God. Life without that fellowship is powerless and without hope. And Jesus felt Himself to be the means of entrance into that fellowship. When He said, "No man cometh to the Father but by me," he expressed both His sense of what salvation is and of the method by which it can be obtained.

That fellowship in which Jesus conceived salvation to consist throws light upon all the other conceptions which we have been considering. Truly, existence without that fellowship for an immortal spirit would be so barren and terrible a thing that man does indeed need to be delivered from it. But that deliverance comes not by annihilation, but by such a friendship with God that existence becomes a joy and not a woe. Self-consciousness is so terrible and egotistic a thing that man does indeed need to be delivered from it. But not by the end of all consciousness. Rather by a new kind of consciousness. The consciousness of the presence and friendliness of the living God delivers a man from all the evils the Buddhist feared and opens the doors of a gladness which he has never understood. The body and the physical world are a menace if they are ends in themselves, but they are sacramental if they are made the means by which men express their loyalty to God and their fellowship with Him. "Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh" suggests a relation to nature suffused by the sense of the glory of God. The thought of the body as the temple of the Holy Ghost suggests a fashion in which the physical may become the vehicle of the eternal. No understanding Englishman since Wordsworth has needed to be taught that nature may be the friend and not the foe of the spirit. Fellowship with God is that knowledge which saves from ignorance. It is that unselfish love which makes society the organ of unselfishness and not the means of exploitation. It is that spontaneous devotion to God which leads to a love for all his children and so strikes a death blow to selfishness in the human heart. Fellowship with God is salvation.

And how does Jesus make this possible? How was He able to say, "No man cometh to the Father but by me." First of all, He makes God real. "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." "That," in effect, replied Jesus, "is just what I have been doing, just what I am doing. He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." The moment we begin to believe in a Christ-like God, everything is changed. And Jesus makes God authentic. As we see the love in His eyes, as we see the goodness in His actions, as we witness the perfect insight of His speech and it dawns upon us that in all this God is speaking to us, there comes a deep sense of ethical satisfaction. This is the God than Whom there could be no better. The very reach of the imagination is transcended in what Jesus is and does. The eternal sense of the fitness of things is satisfied. We feel no incongruity as we look upon Him and say, "Here God speaks to me."

Then Jesus makes God compelling. As we see His tenderness and pain and self-forgetful love and realise that God's own heart is breaking with the tender and sacrificing love which we see in Jesus, we are ready to open our hearts to the Great Master of Life as we could never do before. The love that will not let us go is more than the love of a good man. In Jesus we touch this love of God Himself. And its compulsion completely masters our hearts.

He makes it possible for God's motives to become our motives. Now at last God's word has been fully spoken in the world. God's life has been fully lived in the world. And as we accept the purposes of Jesus, God's own purposes come to dwell in our hearts.

Then Jesus deals with the great final moral and spiritual relationship in such a way as to make fellowship with God possible. As we watch Him in Gethsemane and on Calvary, we come to know that all that God is of righteousness and love, of goodness and compassion are so expressed in living deed within human life that now

at last man and God may meet. God and man are joined in fellowship in the broken heart of Christ.

He reveals the triumph upon which a creative fellowship must be based. The victory over death is a great achievement. It is also a great symbol. The fellowship with God in Christ is an eternally victorious fellowship.

And He Himself inaugurates and develops this creative friendship which transforms and renews the life of man. Surely he could say with simple spiritual authenticity, "No one cometh unto the Father but by me!"

So we stand once more in the presence of Jesus Christ. The reconciler of ideals; the way; the lord of reality; the truth; the master and interpreter of experience; the life; the one who brings to us the secret of fellowship with God; no one cometh into that full fellowship but by Him. In this torn and troubled age, we hear his words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me." We have heard His voice. We have heard Him knock. We will open the door. And in Him we will find that eternal fellowship in which man meets and receives as His friend the living God. Amen.

VIII

THE MAKING OF THE AMERICAN MIND

“To the young man knowledge and discretion;
That the wise man may hear and increase in learning.”
Proverbs 1: 4, 5.

The history of education is in a sense the history of knowledge. The men of every land who have pursued the intellectual life have felt a debt to all those who could be benefited by their labours. Even as that praise of wisdom in the Old Testament of which we have just quoted an example is full of the joy of imparting this wisdom to those who stand at the threshold of the great adventure of living so the men of every period of clear thinking and creative experiment have worked with a happy sense of those who would profit by their labours. The university, whether in Alexandria or in Athens or in Paris or Oxford, is the organic expression of this desire to hand on the full results of the best thinking and the deepest experience of the past.

Of course you can never confine the process within university walls. Every nation and every civilisation is all the while in process of making its own mind and while the conscious effort of educators has a profound influence upon the movement it extends to areas as wide as the experience of the whole people, and it incorporates many a result not the product of a scholar's research and many a conclusion not first worked out in some doctor's thesis. This intellectual *élan vital* is of the profoundest significance. It may work itself out in such epigrammatic sayings as those to be found in the Book of Proverbs. It may come to full expression at last in the stately and

ordered work of some commanding philosopher. It may remain in solution in the common mind perpetually influential and yet unorganised and almost subconscious. The university does its best work as the servant of the state and of the common good when it enables those who are trained within its walls to understand this perpetual movement of the public mind.

It will be a matter of much significance for us, if our investigation is at all successful, to follow for a little this afternoon some of the elements which have entered into the making of the mind of America in as far as that mind may be said to have come to organic life; and those elements which are proving influential in so far as our national mind is yet in the making. In such an investigation we are dealing at once with the material which comes to the hand of the trained college man as he enters upon the actual practice of the art of living and working in this Republic.

1.—Nobody denies that the Puritan has had a profound influence upon the mind of America. It is the fashion just now to look upon him with lofty scorn. Those daring young intellectuals who are so busy just now vicariously repenting of everything about American life which they dislike are never more nobly penitent than when they speak of Puritanism and all its works. Now none of us need deny that Puritanism did produce at times characters more rigidly strong than warmly human. And there were undoubtedly Puritans who were afraid of beauty as if it was a polluting thing. But after all we have no reason to be sorry that strength such as dwelt in the sinews of the Puritans entered into the very fibre of our national life. The New England conscience is not all there is of America, but it has put its stamp upon some of the very finest things in American life. And lovely vines have grown over its stern walls. A nation is not ethically poor which was fortunate enough to have the ten commandments set to martial music as a marching song at the very beginning of its life.

2.—But the very nation which gave a home to the Puritan was also the home of the Cavalier. And whatever some Puritans lacked in grace and charm and lovely amenity was amply made up in the gracious life which was set up on the banks of the James. When the stern days of the Revolution came, men of the Puritan breed and men of Cavalier ancestry fought side by side. They learned to respect each other. And they learned to appreciate each other's qualities. It was that fine gentleman of the Cavalier tradition, George Washington, who gave so much of the tone to the early life of the Republic, as well as military and political leadership, in the days when the colonies were becoming a nation and the days when the new government was learning to walk.

3.—The Roman Catholic tradition expressed with a certain easy urbanity which the Calverts brought with them to Maryland entered deeply into the very structure of the nation. The church which always thought in the terms of solidarity made its own contribution to the life of a nation which must learn the meaning of obedience as well as freedom, and the men who loved that dream of unity which had come to such marvellous expression in the thirteenth century, learned to live with men of the sturdy and independent Puritan tradition in such fashion that the ideals of both entered into the structure of the national life.

4.—The sceptic is a ubiquitous sort of person. You are likely to hear him asking disagreeable questions whenever and wherever the mind of man is really awake. Ethan Allen, who represented the type in the Green Mountains of New Hampshire, and Tom Paine, whose love of liberty was only equalled by his hatred of religious authority, are but two examples of a type frequent enough in the days when France was approaching and experiencing an intellectual as well as a political revolution. Particular men who took this trail were sometimes persons far enough from the ideal pattern. But the mood of shrewd sceptical

mental activity contributed elements of rugged strength to the national life.

5.—On the other hand, the abounding faith and the splendid moral and spiritual enthusiasm of the evangelical spread throughout the land. Francis Asbury and all the apostles of the saddle-bags, from the scholar who read his Greek Testament by the light of the settler's torch to the rough and untutored man who only knew the glory of a rapturous sense of the glad presence of a friendly and forgiving God, spread a fine contagion of hearty religious living from the north to the south and over the Allegheny Mountains into the New West. The sceptics and the men of the saddle-bags did not exactly regard each other as friends. As a matter of fact, however, each was contributing to that national mind which was to feel the glow of deep religious enthusiasms and the cutting edge of the most searching mental enquiry.

6.—There is a sense in which the fundamental man in every land is the farmer. He is the ultimate producer. He stands at the very source of civilised living. The farm itself is, after its own fashion, a school of training. Nature has its own syllogisms and the seasons have their own mathematics. The men who tilled the soil often reflected the qualities of the parts of the country where they lived. The New England farmer had his own qualities. The farmer of the Middle West followed the habits of his own type. But there were great likenesses under all the differences. And the man of agriculture has had his own share in making the mind of our nation. Men at mahogany desks in great cities find their ways of thinking and their ways of acting partly determined by the farmer's blood which flows in their veins. There is an independence, a stalwart conservatism, and a solid strength which have been poured into the mental life of our nation from its men of agriculture.

7.—Very early we became a nation with many tradesmen. And the mind of the merchant sometimes seems to have become the mind of America. There is an agile

and versatile quality about the man of trade. He is apt to lack something of the solid strength of the farmer. He is tempted to think more in the terms of expediency and less in the terms of character. He develops a sagacity with its own technique and he scents a bargain from afar. Whether he keeps a corner country store or thinks in the terms of the markets of the world he has his eye upon the practical relations of men, their likes and dislikes, their wants and their pleasures. Sometimes he reduces politics and law and religion and art and literature all to forms of the commercial enterprise. He has had a share in the making of all of us. And he has contributed some of its characteristic elements to the American mind.

8.—There are politicians in every land where the people have the franchise. And America has had its own abundant harvest in this field. In the old days so full of glamour the South produced its own wonderful politicians and orators. The Middle West has made its own type. And it is probable that no more shrewd and skillful observer of the popular mind and no more skillful manipulator of the popular will has been developed in America than our Middle Western product. At his best the politician is a statesman with the welfare of the nation at his heart. With all his shrewd knowledge of his craft he loves his country deeply and he is ready to make sacrifices for its welfare. The country which produced Abraham Lincoln has shown something of the best of which Democracy is capable. At his worst the politician is a wily time server putting party loyalty above the public good and shamelessly trading upon the most sacred sanctions of the civic life. Both at his best and at his worst he has existed in America and he has helped to make the fabric of the public mind.

9.—From the very beginning there was scientific interest in America. In practical invention the tale moves from Benjamin Franklin to Orville Wright, from the capture of the lightning to the conquest of the air. It has become so deeply imbedded in all the more technical habits of

life in our universities that we may almost say that the scientific mind is the typical mind produced in our schools. It seems a far call from the politician to the expert engineer. But each has played his own part in the making of the mind of the Republic. There is a sobriety, a candour, and an honesty which have entered deeply into our best men from all the story of invention, of engineering activity, and of that experiment and research which form the basis of scientific work in our schools.

10.—As life becomes more complicated and the processes of labor more involved the organiser takes his place among us. In many relationships he is becoming our typical man. He is at the heart of every industry. He is at the centre of every enterprise. He knows how to train men to work together. He creates that vast articulation of human effort upon which all of our vast enterprises depend. Whether he is directing the work of a factory or developing a corporation or conducting a political campaign he is always found where notable things are being done in a skillful way. He, too, has changed the quality and the methods of our national mind.

11.—Ever since the beginning of the machine age at the end of the eighteenth century the machine worker has been pouring his qualities into the national mind as fast as the processes of machinery have taken their place in the life of the Republic. First, the skilled machine worker produced a well-defined type. We are now, as Mr. Arthur Pound has pointed out in that highly significant book, "The Iron Man," living in the era of the automatic machine and the unskilled machine worker. The underdeveloped mentally are being given such an opportunity to prosper and to increase as they have never known before. The whole situation bristles with difficult problems. It is clear that the automatic worker must learn how to use his leisure in intellectually productive fashion if he is not to deplete the vitality of the nation in mental stamina. And it is clear that his contribution is to have very profound influence upon the national mind.

12.—The publicity expert is one of our most characteristic products. He knows how to attract public attention. He knows how to hold public interest. He is tempted to think more of the arts of publicity than of the honesty of his methods. And so sometimes he debauches the public mind at the moment when he is supposed to illuminate it. The public, however, is shrewd, and by its scepticism is likely to prevent the publicity expert of the less conscientious type from becoming so great a menace as his own habits of mind might lead him to be. The sense of the world as a mirror and the valuation of everything from the standpoint of its possible publicity has, however, entered very deeply into our thought. When the publicity expert is a servant of truth he is an asset to the nation.

13.—All the while we are producing a larger and larger number of trained scholars. The men who receive their doctor's degrees at our typical universities know the meaning of the most patient and microscopic research. Their quest for truth is the opposite pole from the quest for publicity and they are putting into the mind of the nation a new belief in quiet and undramatic ways, a new respect for the processes which turn from short cuts and take the long and difficult and sure way. Whatever a man's field, the same fundamental habits go to make up the scholar. Though the scholars are not often seen in headlines they are giving a stability to our national mind which is quite beyond praise.

14.—From early days we have produced thinkers. Sometimes they were men of dialectical processes like Jonathan Edwards. Sometimes they were men of quick intuitive insight like Emerson. We have not produced as many of them as we might well desire. We have not always provided for them the best soil. But we have produced them. And the reading of books like Dean Pound's brilliant study, "The Spirit of the Common Law," reminds us that we are producing men of this type who apply their skill to particular fields with conspicuous ability.

There is no point where more encouragement should be given than to the men who give any sort of promise of being able to think.

15.—We have also produced our humanists. They have been poets and essayists like Lowell. They have been men who have tried to live in the light of the ages as well as the age. There have been too few of them. But they point a way of great and increasing usefulness and power for our best young men.

16.—We have had our apostles of revolt. There is no lack of them now. They fill the air with shrill cries. They say no end of things we ought to hear and heed. They say a good many things which are sheer foolishness. At least they prove that the yeast of life is moving with great vigour. They are shaking us out of provincialism. And even when they are wrong they bring great stimulus to our minds.

17.—The men of social passion have made a great place for themselves in American life. Josiah Strong and Professor Rauschenbusch have struck a note which has echoed in every group of the American Republic. Their successors are teaching us that democracy has implications which reach far beyond the political field.

18.—Then there are those men of lofty mind and wide perspective who are thinking of America in the terms of the whole world. They have achieved a noble cosmopolitan spirit. And their love of America is expressed in a splendid vision of world-wide friendliness and world-wide service. Lincoln had moments when he was their prophet before their day. They are the men who keep burning the most hopeful lights in the Republic.

It is in this sort of land that young men are to learn knowledge and discretion. It is in this sort of land that wise men are to hear and increase in learning. It is in dealing with this complex and highly articulated mind that the students who graduate from this university are to make their own contribution not only to the mind but to the life of the Republic.

IX

THE STORY OF AMERICAN COMMERCE

"Replenish the earth and subdue it." Genesis 1: 28.

"That in all things he might have the preeminence." Col. 1: 18.

The Christian religion comes to us making lofty claims and bearing the credentials of far-reaching achievements. It stands before us as the interpreter of all life and the guide to all attainment. Nothing is foreign to its interest and nothing is beyond the reach of its authority. You can tell a great deal about any nation if you know the degree to which its characteristic activities have been influenced by the principles of the Christian faith.

Our own land is a land of the most extraordinary commercial activity. In 1912 the Bureau of the Census of the United States estimated the total wealth of the nation at a monetary value of nearly one hundred and eighty-eight billions of dollars. The United States possesses more coal and iron and copper than any other nation. And these are the most important minerals of modern industry. It is said that we have water power capable of generating sixty million horse-power. Our agricultural resources are of the most commanding character and almost everything which natural resources do for a country has been done for us. Indeed, tin is the only metal used extensively in our manufacturing industries which must be procured from lands outside our own.

The tale of American life covers only a few centuries. The fifteenth century tells the story of the discovery of America in the endeavour to find a new and short and available trade route. The sixteenth century is the century of exploration when hardy men discover the vastness

and the possibilities of the new continent. The seventeenth century is the period of settlement. It is important to note that those countries which saw in America merely a land to exploit, gradually lost their hold, and that country which saw in America a land of possible homes became the dominant influence in the new world. The eighteenth century was the period of growth and of the achievement of independence. The mercantile system with its theory of colonies which existed for the sake of the motherland could not be applied permanently to the sturdy cluster of vigorous young commonwealths, and so America won its freedom. The nineteenth century was the period of expansion until the whole land from coast to coast was a part of a vast industrial organism as well as a political unit. The twentieth century promises to be the time when America will have its share in a stabilised commercial structure which includes the whole world. The story of the economic life of the United States has recently been told with graphic skill and with an unusual command of all the materials by Professor Thurman W. Van Metre of Columbia University. His book should be on the desk of every business man in America.

There are some aspects of this story which are of particular interest to all those who care about the deeper life of the country and which in the long run concern all those who think of the firmness of the industrial and economic structure of our nation's life.

In the early period the land began to be marked off by differences which became definitive. First tobacco and later cotton became the characteristic product of the South. Fisheries and then manufacturing establishments became the typical activities of New England. Later mining came to its great place in our productive mountain country, and lumber was an industry which moved from the East ever toward the West.

The basal activities in relation to the economic structure are the production of the raw materials, the production of the finished product, the production of adequate means

of transportation, and the production of a system of currency and credit which will bear the weight of the whole edifice of the nation's economic life.

Now it is a curious and most interesting fact that James Hargreaves in England invented the spinning-jenny in 1767, that Richard Arkwright invented the drawing frame two years after, and that Samuel Crompton invented the mule-spinner only a few years later. Edmund Cartwright invented the power loom in 1785. The cotton gin was invented by Eli Whitney in 1792. In other words, those fundamental inventions which brought in the great new industrial age were almost coeval with the life of the Republic itself. Speaking broadly, the new nation and the new industry were born together. And the people of the United States were not slow to take advantage of the tremendous opportunities which resulted from this situation.

In the early days transportation was a difficult problem enough. Much transportation was by water along the coast or on the inland rivers. The Mississippi became a great and influential artery of trade. In 1755 Benjamin Franklin started a weekly service between Philadelphia and Boston announcing that a letter could be sent from one city and a reply received in three weeks. This was one-half the time previously required. The era of canal building produced an enlargement of the area covered by water transportation. Its most characteristic product was the Erie Canal. In 1807 Robert Fulton's steamboat, the *Clermont*, steamed up the Hudson from New York to Albany. In 1837 regular ocean service by steam began on a transatlantic scale. In the meantime the locomotive had been invented, and by 1837 there were 1,500 miles of railroad lines in the United States. Thus in the first half century of the life of the new country transportation was revolutionised by land and sea. Here again the United States took full advantage of the new opportunities. In 1914 the mileage of railway in the United States had reached the high figure of 263,547. The experience

of the new world in respect of shipping has been somewhat checkered. Just before the Revolutionary War, when England's merchant marine contained less than eight thousand vessels, over two thousand of them were of American construction. There were times when American ships took a great part in the carrying trade of the world. But after the coming of the ocean steamship America fell behind, and only the embarrassments of the early years of the World War led Americans to see what a mistake it was to be so dependent upon foreign ships for the carrying of our trade. Then came a feverish period of building and for the time at least a new place for America upon the seas of the world.

The nineteenth century saw the coming of inventions which transformed the activities of agricultural life. And here also America had its own place in the construction and the using of the inventions. For a long while the resources of the country seemed exhaustless. Then it began to be seen, in respect of lumber for instance, that we were exploiting the continent in the most careless way. And now the great conservation movement began.

The period of cut-throat competition produced such confusion and hardship that in the period after the Civil War the era of combination came. Now great organisations began to handle vast problems of production and transportation in a really remarkable way.

The currency and credit elements in the stability of our economic life have had a history which is a matter of pride to none of us. A carelessness as to the fundamental principles of sound activity in respect of money has brought terrible panic once and again. The widespread diffusion of the knowledge of the principles which lie back of financial stability and the organisation of the reserve bank system may be hoped to have lessened the danger of tragic confusion coming from this cause.

The American system of protection has been the cause of nation-wide battles. It is interesting to remember that Henry Clay was a foremost early advocate to the system

and that John C. Calhoun, who later became the relentless foe of protection, led the fight for its adoption in 1816.

At the approach of the World War and during its progress America occupied a position of great power. In 1914 the United States produced over four hundred and fifty-eight million tons of coal, in 1917 over five hundred and eighty-one million tons, and in the same year the production of pig iron was over thirty-eight million tons. In 1915 the wheat crop was more than a billion bushels. In 1917 the corn crop was over three billion bushels. The war cost us thirty-five billion dollars and over. Eleven billions were raised by taxation and about twenty-four billions by loans.

The end of the war found the United States no longer a debtor nation, but the creditor of the greatest nations of Europe, the centre of the most productive and unspoiled territory in the world.

We have only suggested a very few aspects of the quite amazing story of American commerce. And it has been preparatory to asking the question of the relation of Christianity to this seething, bewildering, vital current of American industrial and commercial activity.

In the first place we cannot be too clear in saying that in a fundamental way any commercial structure must have great elements of soundness in order to survive. There must be a large measure of honesty and faithful discharge of obligations and actual service of actual needs to keep the machinery in action. The whole system survives because of the good that is in it and in spite of the bad which it contains. And if the proportion of evil becomes too great the whole thing falls to the ground. We are saved from a good deal of superficial and needless cynicism when once we realise that no great system of industrial and commercial life which discarded the Christian virtues could continue to function. It is the element of integrity which is basal.

Then we can see when we look over the story of the life our nation that every great violation of the laws of

goodness which are inherent in the Christian faith has been followed by an inevitable penalty. Take the matter of slavery. For the time it seemed that the economic prosperity of the South was on the side of this dark and terrible institution. It seemed that it was essential to the very organism of Southern industrial life. And what was the result? Free labour was driven away from the South. It became the backward section of America. While the rest of the country moved forward it lagged behind. No great habits of thrift were cultivated. A sort of prodigality was an essential by-product of slavery. There was no such banking development as in other sections. There was a disease at the very heart of the economic system of the country. It is clear enough to us all today that slavery was the worst economic foe the South ever met. The laws of economic life and the laws of the Kingdom of God were not saying two things. They were saying the same thing.

Take another illustration. In one and another period there has been the temptation to inflate values by artificial processes. The thing has gotten into the blood of the country. It has raged like an epidemic. And what has happened? After all the fever there has come a deadly reaction which has plunged the whole country into financial depression. The laws of financial integrity have had a way of enforcing themselves in the long run. And here again the very thing which produced the panic was precisely the sort of thing which a faithful Christian preacher would condemn.

With the vast development of organisations in the period immediately behind us there came a series of great temptations. The organisation was inevitable and did much for the stabilising of American life. But there were new kinds of financial evil-doing which now became possible. And the very health of the system began soon to resist the new germs which had gotten into the organism. The evil which flowed from the bad practices pro-

duced the very sort of reaction which worked toward their cure. Mr. Roosevelt became the voice of economic law itself in his great campaigns.

In just the opposite fashion, it was easy for men to become so angry at evil things in the system that they wanted to destroy the system itself. And here again that failure to distinguish between the good and evil in the system wrought havoc. The laws of righteousness and the laws of economics spoke together. And their voice was against the lawlessness within the system and the lawlessness which would destroy the fabric of our economic life.

The same thing is true in respect to all the conflicts between capital and labour. Whenever either group is contending for a sound principle the very energy of the economic structure is with them. Whenever either becomes a class consciousness which ignores the common good the laws of economics become the servants of the laws of righteousness in securing severe penalties.

It is this fundamental oneness of economic good with moral and spiritual welfare which forms the basis of a sound and enduring optimism.

Speaking largely, the story of our industrial and economic life brings to our attention one matter of supreme importance. We have grown more rapidly in our industrial and commercial life than we have in our moral and spiritual life. Our character has not kept up with our prosperity. And if our analysis as just given is correct, that means that we must take decisive action for the sake of the economic structure itself. The most fundamental problem before American life is the matter of bringing our national character up to our specialised knowledge and our industrial and economic vigour.

In other words, the thing which most needs to be done is precisely the thing for which the Church stands. If that thing is done effectively, our whole life will be built into new and enduring strength. If we fail at this point, we

will undermine at last the very economic structure which is the outstanding pride of so many of our countrymen.

Here it is that the Man of Galilee confronts modern life. And here once again He is revealed as its supreme necessity and its essential guide.

X

COMMERCE AND CIVILISATION

“Thy merchants were the princes of the earth.” Revelation 18: 23.

There is a touch of magic about all great writing. A little group of words are fastened together in such a fashion that they paint a picture or create an emotion or carry the subtle invisible power of a thought. Wonderful bits of creative writing are found in the documents which go to make up the literature of the Old Testament and the New. Caught in the meshes of the words, the very scenes of far-off cities are held for the moment when they may be released into the thought of the reader with responsive mind and creative imagination. Such a piece of writing is that powerful poem of triumph over the fallen city of Rome which is cryptically expressed as the burning of Babylon in the eighteenth chapter of the book of Revelation. One feels the very atmosphere of the mighty city in the days of its far-flung and royal power. There are phrases of wonderful grace and poetic beauty in which the commerce of the great metropolis is described. And toward the end there comes this sentence alive with the sense of station and influence and power: “Thy merchants were the princes of the earth.”

We are not to think today particularly of the indictment of Rome or of the cry of triumph as the painter of this majestic picture in words saw in imagination the fall of the great city. We are most interested in the almost unconscious revelation in the midst of the lurid picture of the place of commerce in the life of the Roman Empire. The picture of all the marvellous variety of trade, of its

brilliant achievements, and of its regal position of commerce suggests a theme which touches deeply the life of many an age and of none more than our own. That theme is "Commerce and Civilisation."

1.—The Commerce in Things. Commerce began in that very dim and remote past when two men discovered that what neither could do for himself, either could do for the other. What began so simply forms itself into a long and brilliant and marvellous story. It is a tale of many cities, each of which has been a powerful mart of trade. It carries us to the noise and bustle and stir in the streets of ancient Nineveh. It sweeps us into the city of Athens when, with all the beauty of its art and all the splendour of its achievements in letters, that town was a mistress of commerce as well as a queen of the mind of man. It brings us into the wide-lying, superbly built Roman roads in the days when they echoed to the feet of the stern-faced, highly disciplined Roman soldiers and at the same time were filled with that vast merchandise which came from every part of the world to the imperial city. The Middle Ages see their own marvellous revivals of commerce. The Italian cities which give a lustre all their own to this period have a development of commerce and finance which possesses its own bright romance. The grace and loveliness of their artistic achievement was paralleled by their commercial activity and the skill of their merchants in dealing with a far-reaching trade. Then the cities of the Hanseatic League become a vast political power and a veritable empire of commerce. The age of discovery inevitably turns into an age of trade. The Mediterranean ceases to be the sea of the world's trade and the great ocean highways become the ways of the world's commerce. Portugal becomes a centre of commercial achievement. Spain has an hour of glittering success in the activities of buying and selling. Holland makes commercial projects a means of the attainment of far-reaching power. Then the struggle narrows to the great contention between England and France. It is a

conflict of political ambitions. It is a conflict of religious rivalries. It is conspicuously a commercial struggle. And at its end England is triumphant both in the Old World and the New. The United States of America comes into being in the midst of great world movements. It is a carrying nation during the earlier stages of the Napoleonic wars. As time goes on its clipper ships become the most effective carriers of trade in all the world. Then the steam power of England drives the clipper ship from the highways of the deep. Rails spread over all the lands. Giants driven by steam move over all the seas. The machine age transforms the productive and the transporting activities of all the world. Before the outbreak of the last great war the railroad mileage of the world spreads over more than six hundred thousand miles. In 1912 the world produces a billion and a third tons of coal. In 1913 the total registered merchant tonnage of the world reaches nearly forty-seven million tons. In the year 1913 the total trade of the world reaches a sum of about forty-two billion dollars. The tale whose outline we have but vaguely hinted is the story of the material basis of civilisation. It is the tale at last of a world-wide cooperation for the supplying of the material needs of the human family.

2.—The Commerce in Ideas. We have only discussed the material foundation of the commerce of the world, however, when we have passed swiftly over the tale of the commerce in things. And the subtler commerce which has moved parallel to the commerce in material goods expresses the very genius and the eternal values of civilisation. The commerce in ideas is a matter of the most commanding interest and of the most far-reaching significance. Wherever the trader has gone, the exchange of ideas has followed. And it is remarkable that the great ages of material exchange have been great ages of intellectual activity and great ages of the exchange of ideas. Is it not a matter of striking significance that the very period which produced Socrates and Æschylus and Eurip-

ides and Pericles was an age of far-reaching commercial activity. The day of a powerful trade was not a day hostile to great intellectual achievements in Athens. It was precisely a day of the very greatest vigour in all the things of the mind. The Italy of the rebirth of all the glorious things of the intellect and the taste was the Italy whose cities achieved a commercial and financial power which is one of the most impressive aspects of the life of the age. The cities of merchants and bankers were also cities alive with response to all the things of the mind. The days when England was laying the foundation of its world-wide commercial supremacy, the days of the Tudors and of the building of the fleets which scoured the seas of the world, were the days of Shakespeare and all the glory of mental prowess which we still remember at the very mention of the word Elizabethan. The days when our own clipper ships were on all the seas found the New England which built these ships and to whose ports they returned the centre of a glowing and inspiring intellectual life. Indeed, it is not too much to say that great ages of commercial activity have a way of being great ages of intellectual achievement. The two types of commerce supplement each other. And each makes the other more potent and more solid in its achievement.

By its very nature the intellectual commerce is a world-wide activity. The universities of the Middle Ages brought students from every civilised nation, and it was the universality of their geographical appeal which gave them their name. The ideas of the leaders of every nation thus became the property of the whole republic of the mind. Erasmus was a citizen of every nation where thought was valued and scholarship was venerated. The world trade of the universities is the last to be broken with the coming of great wars. It is the first to be renewed after the return of peace. Upon the solid foundation of material achievement and material well-being the merchant princes of the mind build their great palaces of thought. From the Greek speculators of the sixth century

B.C., through the great days in Athens and Rome and Alexandria, and the days of the founding of the universities of Paris and Oxford and Cambridge and Bologna, on to our own day of international exchange in matters of learning, it has been the very genius of men of knowledge to exchange their products. The scholar has always felt that he only really possessed that which he shared. The commerce of the mind has given to the civilised life of man a kind of royal splendour.

3.—The Commerce in Ideals. There is an even subtler and finer traffic than the exchange of ideas. This is the commerce of ideals. More than rare silks were carried out to the world from India. And more than a profound Eastern philosophy moved through the gates of far-off cities from this land of deep and brooding thought. An ideal of life with infinite and gracious serenity moved through all barriers, and even the hurrying, practical West has never been able to forget for long that majestic quiet which the East has taught the world to admire and sometimes to imitate. More than a brilliant philosophy and a seminal science went out to the world from Greece. The spirit of Attica is a very delicate and evasive thing. But the light of Hellas still burns wherever there are lofty standards of taste and wherever adventure of living is filled with the passion for symmetry and harmonious loveliness. More than bales of material merchandise and minds overflowing with clear and mighty thoughts moved along the Roman roads. The great light of the spirit which burned in the life of Jesus of Nazareth glowed in the eyes of Paul as he moved along these Roman roads or entered some Mediterranean merchant ship carrying the invisible merchandise of a new and transforming religion for a weary and decadent world. Every modern railway route and every highway of the sea carries its dauntless adventurers of the spirit who are moving about the world with those wares of the spirit which Christianity has to offer to the world. And so it has already become true that as far as the civilised world is concerned and more

rapidly than we may think, as far as all the world is concerned, Jesus has become the conscience of the earth. Try to escape it as we may, we see matters of right and wrong through His eyes. And we cannot escape the measurement of ultimate values by His standards. The supreme achievement in the commerce in ideals is the world-wide diffusion of the spirit and the standards of Jesus Christ. All subtle insights of taste, all glowing intuitions of goodness, all hearty and happy ideals of human relations, all the passion for beauty and for goodness and for that world-wide triumph of brotherhood which is the gift of a great ethical love, belong to this commerce in ideals which is all the while uplifting and transforming human society. These things may seem weak and impotent because they are always invisible and often impalpable. Measured by the ages, they are seen supreme. Nations either accept them and live or reject them and fall into disintegration and decay. Moral and spiritual ideals are the only ultimately strong things in all the world.

The task of the present clearly enough is to secure and preserve a proper balance between these varied types of commerce. The commerce in things itself breaks down without the maintenance of those invisible standards which make it possible to venture commercial transactions in the name of dependable good faith. A world without character would be a world without banks and without credit and a world in which all the movements of organised trade would come to an end. The commerce in ideas needs the perpetual contact with those practical relationships which have so large a share in making up the commerce in things. The vague abstraction which removes the mind from gripping human problems becomes impossible if the two types of commerce grow together, each feeding the other, each influenced and stabilised by the other. So the world of ideas and the world of the facts which lie at the base of all human relationships are kept in cooperative contact. The commerce in things and the commerce in ideas must

be crowned by the greatest elements of all. And these are found in the realm of ideals. Even in the world of things, it is your practical dreamer who achieves the most. And the stability of the most simple and practical things is made more certain if the merchandise of great ideals moves in constant companionship with the daily activities of the marts of trade. Permanent ideals must be put in command. Creative ideas must be perpetually produced and perpetually disseminated. And so the traffic in things is prevented from becoming a good custom which corrupts the world.

Those who go out from this university will have the summoning opportunity of sharing in that productive endeavour which shall make the mighty commerce in things which characterises our age, the material foundation upon which is built a commerce in ideas which shall be equally brilliant and powerful and a commerce in ideals which shall crown our civilisation with moral and spiritual vigour. It is not a task for weaklings, but strong men and women will scent the battle from afar and will be glad of a conflict desperate enough to enlist every resource of endurance and every quality of strength. That we shall make our intellectual and spiritual output the equal of our material product is the demand which a vital civilisation makes of the men and women who are alive in the world today. And if we should find that the kindling and commanding Teacher who filled the civilisation of the Mediterranean with the splendour of His ideals knows the secret of triumphant achievement and is ready to share it with us, it will only be another example of the fashion in which Christianity emerges to meet the critical hour in the life of the world.

XI

THE ROMANCE OF LAW

The little books about Alice in Wonderland have no end of philosophical significance. If a really powerful metaphysician is sadly put to it he is likely to find that some bit of an illustration from Alice's adventures will put him on his way again. To Alice we may go to get a running start for the discussion of the relation of law to free human beings. It will be remembered that once Alice played a game of croquet in Wonderland. It was a rather difficult game; for the mallets and the balls and the arches were alive. And the mallets would not strike at the right time. And the arches marched away sulking. And the balls went off on their own capricious ways. It was rather hard, declared Alice, to play a game of croquet under such conditions. That, to be sure, is just what is the matter with life. That is what makes living so frightfully complex. For life is a game where all the mallets and the balls and the arches are alive. An expert bookkeeper who became a teacher of children complained bitterly that figures would stay where you put them on the page. But children were like mad figures dancing all over the page and always turning up where they were not wanted.

As a matter of fact, if we are thinking of order, it may well seem that there is a great deal to be said for autocracy. Freedom is dreadfully upsetting. I suppose every housewife is a born autocrat. Imagine what her feelings would be if when she went to make up a bed the pillows set up a little revolution and refused to remain where she placed them. And imagine the sheets and the quilts declaring that they will not be put upon and will do just

as they like. A business man is likely to feel toward his employes pretty much as this housewife would feel toward the pillows and the sheets and the quilts. Yet the employes are alive. They are not pillows and sheets. They are not arches and balls. And how are we ever to get both efficiency and liberty in a world where it is so easy for the autocrat to be mechanically efficient and so hard for the apostle of freedom to be stable and productive!

As a matter of fact, things are rather badly mixed up and sometimes it is hard to keep our conscience within speaking distance of our feelings. Take the case of Falstaff and the gay Prince Hal. We do not approve of them. But we cannot deny their fascination. And when Prince Hal becomes a stable king and refuses to recognise the old vagabond with whom he had spent such care-free Bohemian days and nights, our judgment goes with the king and our hearts go with the gay old rogue. Yet we know that life must be built upon a broad and solid foundation of law. Our minds follow the legal necessity, but our feelings are all too likely to desire to "spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm." The whole problem is difficult and searching enough. And it deserves our closest and our clearest thought.

If we take the bit in our teeth and determine to canter away on a real adventure of thinking, I suppose our first discovery will be that we never dislike things because they are right. We dislike them because they are necessary. There seems to be an element of coercion in the good which arouses our antagonism. It is really goodness in the green-apple stage to which we object. For few of us are so perverse as to be irresponsive to the charm of mellow and mature and spontaneous goodness. And here we may find a clue to guide us upon our difficult way. It may be that law is not nearly so repulsive as our terribly free young intellectuals would have us believe. It may be that a law is only unlovely when it has gotten on our nerves. It is just possible that it would be very attractive if it once got into your heart. We make no special claim

for originality in respect of this suggestion. In fact, it was made by a curiously human prophet named Jeremiah as early as the sixth or seventh century B.C. But it is an insight which if old is very much out of sight so far as current discussion is concerned. And so we may be pardoned if we bring it out of the rubbish in the cellar of the world's mind and give it a bit of an airing.

Perhaps we may put the matter in this way: When freedom is unrestrained by law, the lives of men and the lives of nations come to terrible and complete disintegration. When law is uninspired by freedom, life becomes conventional and hard and mechanical. Its deserts with their hot and unproductive sands seem to be calling out for apostles of revolt. But when law has freedom at the heart of it, when we do what we ought to do, not merely driven by a sense of duty, but guided by an eager heart, then all is changed. When you obey the law because you love to do it, you have all the fun which comes from license and all the character which comes from obedience. When the law is set to music it has the delightful characteristics of indulgence and none of the bad effects which come from riotous and indulgent ways.

When we stop to think of it, there is no freedom which is not soundly based in law. I never felt such a delicious sense of freedom as when one day during the war I went flying over London in a big Handley-Page bombing machine. I felt as if I could shake my fist at the law of gravitation. But was that flight a defiance of law? In fact, it was the most definite result of the most complete obedience to no end of physical laws. If for a single second any one of these laws had been disobeyed, the career of that bombing machine would have come quickly to an end. Yet there we were, with all the vast exhilaration of flight! At that moment we discovered the romance of law. For when we learn that obedience is emancipation, we have made one of the most astounding discoveries of life. The great laws take care of themselves. As Mr. Chesterton once said, "If a man jumps from a cliff he

does not break the law of gravitation, he only illustrates it." We make laws our slaves when we obey them. We pull the very elements of our lives apart when we defy them.

This freedom of obedience is structural in that noble liberty which belongs to a democracy. The real difficulty with an anarchy would be that everybody would always be in the way of everybody else. Law is a device by which I secure a free path on condition that I give another man a free path. So law is the under side of freedom. And freedom is the other side of law. Until there is an effectively functioning law against murder there is no security in the freedom of life. Until there is a law to protect property there is no real freedom to build noble houses. For without the protection of law nobody will take the risks. Every step in civilisation involves the sacrifice of some license in the name of constructive liberty, the surrender of something with seeds of evil in it for the sake of the common good. In the most practical sort of way the eighteenth amendment has given new freedom to bank accounts, new liberty to homes of comfort, new opportunity for food and clothing, and no end of those elements which go to make up a prosperous life. It may seem terribly hard to give up the saloon. It seems a good deal easier when you hear the gay and contented laughter of multitudes of happy children emancipated from a terrible servitude to poverty and fear. There is an unsuspected romance even about the Volstead Act!

If Kipling was right in declaring that there are laws for the jungle, we may know that we are a good deal more sure to be right when we declare that there are fundamental laws for the great family life of a nation. Cities and commonwealths can have no real freedom if they forget their loves and live by their hates. You can divide the inhabitants of any town or state racially and religiously into A-ites and B-ites and C-ites. And the followers of the battle flag A can resolve that no follower of B or C shall be a member of the council or shall hold the office

of mayor or shall be governor of the state. So the A-ites and B-ites and the C-ites can hate and plot and plan, each defeating the purpose of the other, while the city and the state sink lower and lower. The law of friendliness is the way of escape from all these things. And it has in it all the romance of escape from the bitter, cruel days when suspicion fed upon its own fevers and needed no fuel of facts.

When any group of men substitute their own will for the careful and stable processes of law, you have a bad day for the nation and a bad day for the world. There is no religious group and there is no racial group which can be shut out from the protection of the basic laws of our land. There is one structural law. And its protections and its penalties belong alike to Protestant and Catholic and Jew, to white and yellow and black. There is no more bitter irony in our day than the use of a blazing cross to symbolise an appeal to the very sort of hot and passionate prejudice which it is the mission of the cross of Christ to abolish from the earth. It would be a happy thing if every man who joins a secret society which substitutes the decision of prejudice and passion for the stable ways of law could be deprived of the right to exercise the franchise.

Lawlessness defeats itself in the long run. For the laws which are flouted break the lawbreakers completely enough at last. But the pathos of it all is that only dust and ashes are left behind. There is a far nobler and a far more hopeful way to deal with the problem of the relation of law and freedom. That is the way of the men and women who learn the secret of the high adventure, the gracious romance, the glorious freedom which come only to those who keep the law. Robert Browning found it infinitely more exciting to be true to his wife than some contemporary men of letters find it to be false to theirs. It all comes at last to the difference between the Old Testament and the New. The one is the literature of a kingly conscience. The other is the literature of an

enfranchised heart. The men of the New Testament have found a new motive which transforms old acts. They still keep the ten commandments. But now the ten commandments have been turned into a marching song. It is not an escape from law but an escape in law which we need. The man who discovers the romance of law can be as free as the anarchist would like to be and at the same moment as nobly obedient as the Apostle Paul. The emancipated heart has at last no quarrel with the law-abiding life. If America should discover the romance of law, the future of this Republic would be secure.

XII

HUMANISM AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Benjamin Kidd died only a little while ago. Mr. H. G. Wells is still very much alive and his pen is very prolific. The two men do not suggest thought of any very definite affinity of mind or method. The patient and painstaking thinker very slowly and carefully rising from a sure basis of gathered facts to a substantial and significant generalisation, and the agile social apostle with the darting mind ignoring facts which he does not like and pouncing upon facts which help him, do indeed seem to be rather far apart. It is a matter for more than a moment's notice that the two stand together on a subject which each regards as of the most far-reaching importance. Benjamin Kidd's "Science of Power" was a plea for education which placed the whole destiny of the race in the hands of its schoolmasters. Mr. Wells' "Salvaging of Civilisation" sees in a world-wide and adequate program of education the one method of saving the whole fabric of our orderly and slowly built life from disintegration and decay. The thoughtful man can scarcely deny, if he approaches these matters with some intellectual and social prospective, that the world must be made into an organism if the most priceless treasures of civilisation are to be conserved. And the world cannot be made organic without education. The teacher stands in a place of strategy.

Religious education attempts to make the moral and social and spiritual idealism of the race the possession of each new generation. When it is Christian it interprets all life by means of the personality, the experience, the

teachings, and the achievements of Jesus. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said of the Man of Galilee, "He takes men out of time and makes them feel eternity." In the deepest sense religious education sees the temporal in the light of the eternal. It sees all great hope at last as based on the character of the Father whose face we have seen in the face of Jesus Christ. It finds its expectations upon the unchangeable purpose of the Eternal and Everlasting God.

The Teacher possesses a long and distinguished tradition. It is a tale of wisdom and folly, of success and failure. To receive the vital elements in all methods and all schools and to go on with open and eager mind to new discovery and new teaching skill is a sufficiently difficult task. The tragedy which haunts educational history is just the fashion in which the good of an old method has sometimes vanished with its evil. It is never a good bargain to sell an old good even for a new good. That is mere change and not progress. When you keep the old good and add the new you have something which deserves the name of evolution. There was a day when children were taught to remember without being taught to think. It does not follow that when we teach them to think we cannot also teach them to remember.

The world since Rousseau has studied the unfolding nature of the child as that was never studied before. The world since Pestalozzi and Froebel has attained a sense of the sacredness of the developing life which has come to a unique expression in the theories and practices of Maria Montessori.

The understanding of the importance of establishing a friendly contact with the things which make up the objective world and its relationships has been coming to more and more articulate form until we reach Dr. John Dewey's Experimental School in Chicago. The method by which knowledge grows has been investigated in its educational relationships in fuller and fuller fashion since the days of Herbart.

The vast scientific achievements of the nineteenth century have had their own effect upon the theory and practice of education. They have given new subjects. They have given new methods. The statistical methods and measurements introduced by Professor Thorndike of Columbia have been assuming increasing importance in educational activities.

The exponent of religious education lives in this world of ideas and ideals and methods. Without running into the fallacy of over-simplification, I think one may say that through all the variety of interpretation and activity two attitudes emerge. One of them instinctively thinks of education as a process as definite as a mathematical demonstration moving among the impersonal forces of the mechanical world. The other thinks of education in the terms of a rich and ample personal consciousness. One leads to educational methods based upon mechanical science. The other leads to methods based upon scientific humanism.

The leader in religious education is eager to welcome every help which comes from all the research and experiment of the last two centuries. He is too wise to turn with complete repudiation from any method until he has studied it with great care. He knows that, however glaring its faults, the fact that it gets a hearing at all is virtually a witness to some truth which has been neglected and to which it gives vigorous if one-sided expression. But with all this catholicity of spirit, the religious teacher knows that the education which reduces life to mechanics must be distinguished from the education which frankly admits that there are mechanical aspects in the personal life, but finds its secret in the free-moving mind journeying through the world on its vast adventure of choice and assimilation. This, indeed, is the fundamental matter for that historic humanism which has in it the secret of creative periods in art, in letters, in religion, and in life.

One must admit that in this matter, at least, Rousseau was on the side of the angels, and the great leaders of the

nineteenth century in educational thinking followed in his train. One must also admit that a view of education as a process crowned by the capacity to collect and classify facts rather than by the power to exercise a rich and varied personal life has become widely prevalent. Some sense of this was doubtless behind Professor James' clever phrase regarding the "Ph.D. octopus." One does not mean for a moment to attack technical scholarship. One does not mean for a moment to depreciate all the rare and notable service of the masters of research. One does mean that a particular feature of brilliant technical scholarship is not to be confused with the great human goal of education.

The great truths and sanctions of the Christian religion lend themselves in the happiest fashion to the very genius of humanistic training. The religion which is based upon personality gives personality its right place in education. The literature of the Old Testament and the New and all the great and gracious story of Christian heroism and achievement come nobly out of life and in their fine germinal power are creative of more life. The sharp sense of ethical contrast and the shock of moral conflict so inherent in all the great documents of the Christian religion kindle and develop the sense of personal responsibility and personal power. The religion which in that powerful leader Paul transcended the mechanical and came to be nobly spontaneous has the deepest kinship with that creative freedom which is so essential to the humanistic spirit. And the personality of Jesus Christ lifts all truth from abstraction and sets it shining in human eyes and working with human hands. Ethical humanism has its living expression in the Man of Galilee. Rising from this warmly human contact, all the heights of thought and volition are touched as the face of the Master of Life Himself is seen in the face of the Master of Men.

The religious teacher has many a practical task in the adjustment of his teaching to growing knowledge and his familiarity with the results of Old and New Testament

criticism, and all the progress of the investigating mind will play a definite part in his equipment. He will be a keen and eager student of all those methods by which the Christian ideal is made compelling for the individual, for the family, for the city, the countryside, the nation, and the world. His Christian humanism will reach as far as the interests and needs of humanity. He will open his mind to every nobly vital and wholesomely beautiful thing in all the world. For they all belong to him and to his students. He will live under the perpetual illumination of that religion which begins with the personality of God and brings to completion and fulfillment the personality of man.

XIII

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF THE MIND

"That in all things He might have the preeminence." Colossians 1: 18.

There is a curious and interesting contrast between the Divine Comedy of Dante and the Pilgrim's Progress of Bunyan. The one might take as its motto the words of the Latin poet Terence, "All that concerns humanity is of interest to me." Some characters from every one of the centuries of civilised life before Dante appear in the Divine Comedy. History and philosophy and all the vast and varied interests of men move through its pages. The white light of a Christian purpose plays through the prism of Dante's mind and comes forth in all the brightly shining and variegated colours of the rainbow. The light of a Christian interpretation falls upon every aspect of human life. The whole human story is seen *subspecie aeternatis*. A cosmopolitan mind has been mastered by the Christian sanctions but it remains cosmopolitan still.

The masterpiece of Bunyan, on the other hand, is a clear and powerful mountain stream making its tempestuous way among precipitous gorges. It is full of vigour and energy, of the spice of a shrewd and homely mind, of the sudden glory of an imagination kindled by divinely beautiful thoughts and holy hopes and expectations. It is a thin white light of evangelical purpose, sharp with an edge like a flaming sword, but keeping the reticence and isolation of its own great purpose. Bunyan is sure of the white light. He is a bit afraid of the rainbow. It suggests a little too much the colours of Vanity Fair. And it has

never occurred to him that Vanity Fair can be made Christian without going into sackcloth and ashes.

You can escape from the world by fleeing from it. You can also escape from the world by transforming it. It is of the escape by flight that Bunyan writes with such marvellous and memorable power.

Now one would not for a moment deny the place and power of the mood of Bunyan. And the very terrible sharpness of his demand, without hesitation or evasion or compromise, gives added momentum to his message. The time comes when a man must fly from the City of Destruction. And times of such unhesitating and remorseless decision come to all of us. But one remembers that while Lot fled from Sodom, Isaiah remained in Jerusalem and used all his powers in calling it to a new life, and fed his soul upon a vision of the ideal Jerusalem as a "righteous town." The time of flight may come. In the meantime it is well to remember that to fly is easier than to transform, and to keep in mind the tremendous petition in the intercessory prayer of Jesus, "Not that Thou shouldst take them from the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

The Divine Comedy has been called the voice of ten silent centuries. The Pilgrim's Progress is the typical story of one profound aspect of the experience of every seeking, struggling soul which finds its way into the light of God. We owe a great debt to Bunyan. He relieves the problem of life of all artificial complexities. He reduces it to ultimate and tragic simplicity. He confronts us with the last and essential and necessary choice. All this is good. And in certain supreme moments it will be well for us if we have Bunyan at our side. But do these moments exhaust the meaning of life? Are there not ampler perspectives which belong to the Christian practice of living? Do we not need the many-coloured rainbow as well as the fine white light? Did not Dante perform a service for the fourteenth century which waits to be rendered to the twentieth? Is there not a Pilgrim's

Progress of man's mind sweeping through ampler territories than those which come within the range of Bunyan's thought? Is there not a vast and far-reaching sense in which all the complicated aspects of modern life must feel the sway of Christ "that in all He may have the preeminence"?

The moment we ask these questions we find our thought introduced to fertile fields of investigation. And as we pursue them we come to believe that the new adventure of seeing all things in our big and varied world with the eyes of Jesus, allowing Him to be the interpreter and the master of the great world of thought and action in which we dwell, is a particularly summoning opportunity for the man and the woman who have acknowledged the great allegiance.

The young man in the contemporary university who attempts the high adventure of the new Pilgrim's Progress of the mind is likely to find himself confronted first of all by the solid bulk of modern Science. Here is a vast and stable mountain. Over its trails he must travel as he goes to the city celestial of the mind. There have been varied attitudes toward this vast mass thrown up from the depths of the mind of man. Some men have regarded the whole as a wall built by the foes of the Lord of man. Here is a fortification which must be stormed. Here is a wall built around a City of Jericho. Let us march about the city seven times and let the wall fall. There has been a good deal of marching. There has been a good deal of shouting. But so far the wall has not fallen. And the serious thinkers among us have fairly well made up their minds that the wall will not fall. Some of them even believe that the fortification is built about the city of God Himself and that the palm trees within its circuit belong to the beauty of the new Jerusalem.

There have been men, to go back to our figure of a mountain, who believe that there is a way around this rugged formation. Religion has nothing to do with science. Let us turn aside and find an easy and charming

passage among the fertile valleys at the foot of the mountain. But the fertile valleys, it turns out, do not have roads which lead to the celestial city of the mind. And the man who ignores science as he journeys forward on the great adventure has failed to meet an essential experience. He can never give an enlightened mind to Christ if he tries to evade the searching problems raised by modern scientific investigation. The way lies over the mountain, by many a dizzy trail and through many a lofty pass. And on that way the great Companion of the mind of man reveals many a new glory of the religion which brings the mind of man to rest such as a loftily flying bird finds in its nest above the crag after long and wearying flight.

The students of the physical sciences and especially the students of the biological sciences all the while stand in the presence of vast and inspiring and creative mystery. What is the justification of that dauntless faith which believes that the universe is constructed along rational lines, that it can be understood by the mind of the exploring man? Surely there is no more glorious adventure than that involved in such a faith. And the basis and the support of such an adventure is the living God. When we see God in the uniformities of nature, when we see God in the vast and varied experiences of living things, physics and biology without ceasing to be sciences become gospels. And so the mind meets the afflatus of religion in the temple of science itself. The process of evolution is only seen in its full wonder when the physical is transcended and included in the mental, and these find their interpretation in the moral, and all comes to full expression in the spiritual. The man who has seen in deep and intuitive understanding the place of Christ as the consummation of the whole process has a new definition of the meaning of evolution and of its moral and spiritual possibilities. And here is one of the noblest and greatest of the journeys in the Pilgrim's Progress of the mind.

The world in which we dwell today is spelling the word organisation with huge and massive capital letters. We

are changing the appearance of the surface of the land, and are quite transforming the traffic of the seas through that capacity for organisation which makes possible the production and the distribution of the wares of our world upon such a scale as never before was possible. Sometimes the individual seems quite lost in the manifold and intricate machinery of our complicated industrial life. Sometimes it seems as if the wheels and dynamos we have made have become our tyrants and rule us from thrones of steel.

The man who journeys forth as a pilgrim whose mind is to master life in the name of the great Leader must plunge into this welter of organisation. He must enter this civilisation of wheels and belts. He must travel amid smoking factories and all the grim turbulence of noisy machinery. And he must find a fashion in which he can think of personality and organisation and all the tools of organisation in such a way that the mind of the man is dominant over all that he has made. When men's tools rise up to fight them the men must join together and master their tools. When human organisations deplete the personality which they should enrich, then men must learn to organise for the development of personality. They must make their organisation the foe of exploitation and not its servant. They must use the machinery of life for the sake of manhood.

As a man tries to carry a searchingly earnest mind through all the confusion of the thought and the activities to which organisation has given rise, there is no guide like the one ineffable Master to whom personality was always first and things were always second. The vision of the whole intricate organisation of the modern world bent to the purpose of the will of Christ is one of the noblest inspirations which can come to the mind of man. And as many men see it and live in the light of it, they labour with the music of a glorious Pilgrim's chorus giving them gladness as they pursue their tasks.

The Christian world has often seemed rather afraid

of Art since the days of the Reformation and especially since the impact of some aspects of the Puritan movement have been felt. It has not always been seen that the love of noble beauty is already on the way to the love of God, and that if the love of goodness and of God are taken from the love of beauty only something very dark and unlovely remains. It is noble piety which puts rich and nourishing fruit within the apple of Sodom in the place where so often men have only found dust and ashes.

The sense of beauty is not a strange and added thing which has no place in a normal experience. It is as much a part of man as the cry of the body for food and of the mind for truth. It may be the vehicle of noble inspiration. It may be dragged down to dark levels of unholy indulgence.

The Pilgrim who would claim that his mind has a right to command the allegiance of every aspect of human experience in the name of the Lordship of Christ, has many a fine and difficult and challenging journey to make in the realm of beauty. It is possible to interpret beauty from the position of its ultimate place in the heart of God. It is possible to interpret beauty from the standpoint of the rush of bodily desire and the imperious command of the selfish will. It is possible to interpret it from above or from below. And so interpreted it will lift life up or drag life down. The Pilgrim of the great allegiance sees in the sense of beauty a great ally in his fight for goodness in the world. He knows that beauty is safe, when Jesus Christ is its King. And he knows that it can be kept warm and glowing and rich and human even as it sights the distant summits of etherial and heavenly loveliness. Art is to be the friend and not the foe of those crusaders who would rescue the temple as well as the tomb of Christ from unclean hands.

There are many other journeys in the Pilgrim's Progress of the mind. But the man who has pursued the far mountain trails of science to their distant fastnesses with a constant sense of the Lordship of Christ, who has strug-

gled in the smoke and grime and mechanical efficiency of our great organisations, who under the same high leadership has seen the sordid and the voluptuous in art become the gracious and the pure and the nobly creative, with the Master at the heart of it all: the man who has taken these journeys and has seen these sights knows something of the preeminence of Christ. He has his place in that band which sees from afar the City Celestial where the mind in full satisfaction watches every thought and activity of man bow in allegiance before the King of Kings. So do the Divine Comedy and the Pilgrim's Progress become one, whiteness of light and richness of rainbow, in the experience of the modern Pilgrim.

XIV

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF THE COLLEGE GRADUATE

The college man has a mind of his own. He has a mind of his own on the campus. He has a mind of his own after his graduation. By the college man, I mean the man in a college of liberal arts and not the man in a professional or technical school. And I mean the college woman as well as the college man. The study of this college type of mind is a fascinating and perhaps sometimes a rather disconcerting adventure in mental analysis.

The campus offers its own subtle and persuasive influences. It gives a man an experience which is not quite like anything which has come to him before and not quite like anything which will come to him later. It is a little commonwealth of varied activity full of the most varied interest and appeal. Perhaps the one outstanding need of colleges of liberal arts in America is a frank recognition that the intellectual life ought to be a student activity. One would not rob the campus of all its interest in track activities and baseball and football and basketball and all the varied social expressions of the student personality. But the intellectual life itself is the most fascinating sort of game in all the world. And it is really not too much to suggest that it is a game which ought to be played in our American colleges. The common rooms in a school like Oxford, and with their easy and happy and sometimes bantering give and take in the things of the mind, represent a kind of social expression of the intellectual life which lifts it from a self-conscious sort of drudgery to an activity full of the most delightful sort of stimulus and vigorous athletic energy.

But it is not my purpose on this Commencement occasion to spend my time reminding those who are about to depart from this institution of learning of the possibilities of the life which they are just about to leave behind. Commencement Day does not belong to the undergraduates. There is, however, one matter of the utmost importance to those whom the college is honouring with the seal of its confidence. And that has to do with the fashion in which the intellectual life is to be kept alive and vigorous in all the long years which stretch beyond the day when the college halls are left behind. And so I am asking you to think with me for a little while of the intellectual life of the college graduate.

It may seem to many that with the invasion of the college of liberal arts by the junior college from below and the professional schools from above the venerable institution which has developed mellow culture in so many centuries is being pressed between great stones which leave little promise for a fruitful life. Despite the college work done away from colleges and the pre-medical, and pre-legal, and pre-commercial courses, however, it is still possible to assume that the typical college graduate has in some fashion been introduced to the field of human knowledge and achievement, of experiment and research of which he is to be a citizen. He has cast his eyes along the vast and stately avenues of history. He has looked upon the fascinating fields which are opened up to the student of the physical and the biological sciences. He has made some progress in understanding those mathematical principles which are at the basis of all science. He has tried his wisdom teeth upon some of the problems of philosophy. He has secured at least a fleeting sense of the meaning of economics and all the social sciences. He has received at least a glimpse of that long and brilliant and tragic and glorious history which tells the tale of religion in the experience of man. He has listened to the singing beauty of some of the world's great poetry and he has felt the clear lucidity and the elevated strength of some

of the world's great prose. He has learned to feel the mood of the mind of other nations as it expresses itself in their own tongue. And it is a happy thing if he has allowed the lofty sonorous strength of the Latin speech to enter into his own mind.

At all events, now he has come to the place of parting with those steady disciplines which have been introducing him to man's achievement in the realm of the mind. And unless he is planning to enter upon graduate work looking toward the Master's or the Doctor's degree or both or plans to enter some professional school, he has come to the place where he must himself be master of the steady discipline which is to keep his mind alive. We all know that a great many college graduates do not achieve a vigorous and growing mental life. If you made a map of their minds on the day of their graduation and another on the day of their death, you would not find that very much had happened in mental grapple or intellectual growth in the years between. For all practical purposes the day of intellectual senility began the day after graduation. Now of course this sort of man may be ready to claim that life itself becomes his university, that while the specialised sort of culture represented by the college of liberal arts has a constantly smaller place in his thought, he is all the while moving forward in the realm of activity by means of which he secures his livelihood and feeling the inspiration of many quick and kindling minds. There is of course no doubt in the world that life itself is a university. But the man who ceases to be a reader the day he graduates from college and whose range of authentic and carefully classified knowledge about all the important matters of life becomes smaller every year can scarcely flatter himself that he is making the most out of the courses which this great university offers. Reading and disciplined thinking must go on through the years and they must keep pace with all the activities of life if a man is to be the best sort of man in his own line of

work not to say a man of large and generous ranges of knowledge and appreciation.

There are four suggestions which I wish to make regarding this matter of keeping the mind alive. There are four fields of reading and thinking which will yield very wonderful results if they are persistently followed through the years.

The first is the field of history. The man who is to live fruitfully in any relation needs to know the history of man's struggle and achievement in all the great lines of the human adventure. Mr. H. G. Wells may be a man whose technical scholarship is often open to grave question, but he has a very fertile mind and it is tremendously significant that he has almost an evangelical passion for the promotion for the study of history. If we know the whole human story we will be able to live together and work together and achieve together as is possible in no other way. We should all of us have volumes of history in process of perusal all the while. And every two or three years we should read some keen and graphic volume or series of volumes which quickly traverse the whole field of the human adventure. Mr. F. S. Marvin's "Living Past" is a small volume. But the man who went over it carefully every few years would find the results surprisingly worth the effort. And the whole "Unity Series" of which Mr. Marvin is the editor is a veritable little university interpreting the present life of man in almost every field of his effort in the terms of his past experience. The history of particular centuries and the history of particular sciences should come in for their turn of close reading. A man comes to have a new relation to any science when he knows its history. And incidentally the whole field becomes constantly not only more familiar but more fascinating. It is only the man at the beginning of his investigation who finds this sort of reading irksome.

Then the college graduate should be a constant reader of the biographies of great and achieving men in every field of activity. Here his reading and his own life in

the world of work come so close together that they really become one. The tale of the personal experiences of the great scientists, the great thinkers, the great seers, the great men of letters is a perpetual stimulus. It takes the whole field of learning out of the abstract and makes it splendidly concrete. The man who does not read half a dozen biographies every year is missing some of the most inspiring and fruitful experience which is within the range of the reader of books and indeed some of the most kindling influences which come to human life. Not to speak of the great old biographies, such a book as Hendrick's "Life and Letters of Walter Page" gives a man a new relation to some of the most important aspects of contemporary life. And Sir Henry Jones' "Old Memories" is a veritable treasure house of wholesome inspiration.

Then the college graduate should be a perpetual reader of great prose and poetry. The singing music of our great poets should be ringing and echoing in his own mind. He must find his own contacts here. It may be that the wonderful subtle harmonies of Tennyson will capture his heart. It may be that the incessant intellectual curiosity and the athletic thinking and the robust confidence of Browning will master his mind. If he is wise, he will cultivate many poets and many writers of brilliant prose. Ruskin may open to him new splendours of experience or Matthew Arnold may teach him the noble meaning of the quality of literary restraint. Seers like Emerson and masters of quick shrewd insight like Samuel Crothers may deepen his insight and rouse his mind. The day will come when these things are a very part of his life. And he will listen not without sympathy if with critical caution to the masterful new voices of writers who with all their revolt have had many a glimpse of truth and beauty.

The fourth field which will be full of reward for the man who enters upon it is that which sets about the interpretation of religion and especially of Christianity. The college graduate should have a knowledge of the Bible in which a critical understanding is combined with a pro-

found moral and spiritual appreciation. Such books as Dr. Robert William Dale's "Living Christ and the Four Gospels" or his massive work on "The Atonement" will bring untold riches to the reader. Even when you cannot agree with Dale, he leaves you with a richer and a deeper mind. David Smith's "Days of His Flesh" and Dr. Glover's "Jesus of History" give a new and inspiring approach to the one supremely creative life in all the world. There are no end of bright and yet careful popular books which bring Christianity home to the mind and heart. And as the years go by a man will reach out for that more difficult and demanding reading which though it exacts tribute from a man's attention and thought makes him a veritable strong man in the matters of supreme concern in human life. Professor Webb's Lord Gifford lectures dealing with God and Personality and Divine Personality and Human Life may require an intellectual apprenticeship but they are worth all they cost.

After all this suggestion we are likely to be met by a question which may seem to the man who lifts it as a very deadly attack upon the position we have been advocating. "How are busy practical men ever to find time for this sort of thing?" we are asked. The reply is that it is just busy practical men who can find time. The great London banker, Dr. Walter Leaf, is an illustration of something far more difficult than the thing which we have been suggesting, namely the achievement of world-wide renown as a scholar and great eminence as a man of finance. And in America Edmund Clarence Stedman illustrates the possibility of being a Wall Street broker and a man of letters. The truth is that a man can do better work in any particular field if he cultivates the sort of intellectual life which such reading as we have been discussing makes possible. And the further fact is the man who thinks he has least leisure time allows more time to pass by fruitlessly than would be required by all the work we have in mind. If we have the right books all the while near us,

if we turn to them the moment we have a bit of leisure, it is amazing the amount of material we may cover.

To be sure, a man must think as well as read. And the books will open up manifold trails of thought. As the years go by he will prize time of quiet meditation more, and out of the richness of his well-stored mind he will bring the materials for long and productive thinking.

Standing at the golden hour when the college enrolls your names among those honoured sons and daughters upon whom it has conferred its degrees, I charge the members of this graduating class to make it a matter of constant and faithful effort to read and think in such a fashion that the mind shall be kept alive, and by the help of God to live in such a fashion that the best they receive from reading and thinking shall be crystallized into character.

XV

THE MIND OF THE PREACHER

Robert Browning had a way of throwing off trenchant little epigrams which stick in the mind like burrs. One of these embodies a bit of gay irony in which a speaker half parenthetically drops these words into the mind of his companion: "My stomach being as empty as your hat." The shining little blade of sarcasm cuts its way into a theme of deep enough interest. What are we actually carrying about in our heads? Do we resemble that minister of whom an observant critic remarked: "He has brought everything to this community except a mind"? Or have we extorted from the relentless years those treasures of knowledge and those habits of thought and those powers of expression which enable a man to come to his parish like a clipper ship of the old days with sails full of the favouring winds and a cargo rich and rare? The truth is that the minister has no more important task than that of being (to use Bishop McConnell's fine phrase) a pastor of men's minds. And if he is going to do this it is absolutely necessary that he should have a mind of his own.

On this golden hour when a group of men stand at the end of their period of training in the divinity school it seems therefore a wise use of a little time of thought together to consider the mind of the preacher and the fashion in which it is to be made fit and kept fit for his great tasks. And as we approach this theme, I am not forgetting that I am addressing men whose own ecclesiastical tradition includes the play of minds of such transcendent quality as that represented on this side of the

Atlantic by the resilient and creative thinking of Horace Bushnell and on the other side of the wide-lying sea by the masterful intellect of Robert William Dale. The Congregational minister has much to live up to. Free and brilliant thinking belong to the very genius of his type.

At the very beginning I venture to remind the young men who are receiving their degrees in divinity today that the mind of the preacher must be the mind of a man. A very definite part of the secret of the power of such knightly ministers as Charles Sylvester Horne lay in the glowing human qualities which gave perpetual warmth and heartiness to all their thinking and to all their speech. That fine man of letters, Dr. William V. Kelley, has said of the most virile poet of the nineteenth century: "He reminds you of the face of a child looking out of the port-hole of a man-of-war." Back of all the steel-ribbed strength, there is the wonder of the child's eye. It is a doleful doctor's gown above which you never see the merry laughing eyes of a happy boy. A keen critic said of Sir James Barrie that most men grow up into manhood but he grew down into a perpetual understanding of childhood. The parallel to Kipling's "walking with kings without losing the common touch" is the keeping of the red ripe heart of a man under the scholar's gown. We have heard of erudite men who had read themselves into ignorance. And most of us have known men who have read themselves into dullness. It is not easy to win the capacity for brooding thought which belonged to Hamlet and to keep all the while that power of merry comradeship which belonged to Falstaff and Prince Hal. But at all costs the mind of the preacher must be kept gladly human and zestfully responsive to all the varied appeals of the human story as it unfolds before his eyes. There must always be a man back of the syllogism and a heart back of the process of dialectic and you must see the twinkle of friendly sympathetic eyes as you watch the scholar at his work.

Then the mind of the preacher must be the mind of a student. His library is to be a place of friends more than a place of tools. And his study is to have all the happiness of a constant intellectual adventure. If the preacher does not discuss every problem which he touches with resources of ampler knowledge and wider perspective than his congregation bring to the consideration of the same matter, he cannot expect to speak with that stimulus and illumination and inspiration which he so desires to give to every public utterance. This means that he must be a citizen of the past, that he must have a mental map of the geography of man's mind, that he must have an easy citizenship in the different centuries which have told the tale of the human adventure, that he must have an understanding of the principles expressed in the various sciences and arts. He will be a man of detailed knowledge in some particular field. But he must live at the place where the departments meet. And without attempting a microscopic knowledge of vast fields, he must have a genuine apprehension of the significance and the relations of the varied aspects of human thought and activity. He must be a perpetual reader of history and biography. He must feel the pulse of every age and sense the distinct quality of its life. So at last he will come to the place where he can see the age with the eyes of the ages. Whatever the charm of his personality and whatever the bright splendour of his earnestness the sermons of a preacher will wear very thin at last if he is not a man of genuine and of perpetually growing erudition. If his own intellectual life is a constant adventure of happy study, if he has learned to be a student for whom books drip with vitality, if he lives in books with the same hilarious zest which he brings to his best hours of living with men, his preaching will be full of electric energy as long as he has enough physical vitality to ascend a pulpit. The wedlock between a preacher and his study is no temporary experiment. It is not a question of three weeks or even of three years.

“Until death us do part” the great vow reads. And there must be no question of a divorce.

The mind of the preacher must also be the mind of a cosmopolitan. He can echo the fine old words of the Latin poet Terence: “All that concerns humanity is of interest to me.” He can echo the words which a man of world-wide sympathy once put above his door: “Every land is my fatherland.” He must never be contented with knowing any great thing from without. He must have that sort of vicarious sympathy which enables him to know it from within. He must have the capacity to understand the tremendous appeal of the idea of solidarity to the members of the Latin church. He must understand the appeal of a lovely and gracious ritual to men to whom holiness ever speaks in the terms of deathless beauty. He must understand that tradition of fearless independence which enfranchises the mind of man and sets it upon lonely quests of individual search for truth. He must understand the glowing evangelism of that piety which flaming with the wonder of a mystical inner experience goes out to make its vision splendid the possession of the world. He must understand that eagerness for efficient activity which has produced the great organisers of the Christian church and the types of highly articulated ecclesiastical organisation. But his cosmopolitan interest must take loftier wing. Not merely as an interpreter of churches but as a human being he must sense the meaning of the life of the varied racial groups as it unfolds in their own experience. The grace and the indirection of the Latin type, the depth and the rich melancholy of the Slav, the quick straight thrust of the Anglo-Saxon mind, the long tradition of fine urbanity which has made some of the yellow men stand among the finest gentlemen of the world, the love of action of the West, the brooking contemplation of the East, these and much more must live in the thoughts of the man who can only preach a cosmopolitan gospel if he has a cosmopolitan mind. “O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee,” cried Kepler.

“O Humanity, I think thy thoughts after thee,” must be the cry of the preacher who would really be a pastor of men’s minds.

The mind of the preacher should also be the mind of a man of letters. This does not mean that every minister should attempt to learn the secrets of the grand style. It does not mean that preachers should become self-conscious in their sense of literary finish. It does mean that every preacher should know how precious is the treasure which comes to us in our good old English speech. He should feel the power of its short crisp words and the sword-play of its clean and biting sentences. He should feel the long and reverberating splendour of those echoing sentences whose many-syllabled stateliness captures the very atmosphere of regal magnificence. He should know the power of those quick and telling epigrams when speech becomes almost acrobatic in celerity and power. He should know the simple and firm clarity of that speech which sets forth thought in so sharp an outline that it is quite impossible that it should be misunderstood. He should bear in his own mind the music of the writing of those masters who have made words their slaves and sentences their bond-servants. And then with his mind full of this wonder of potent speech he should write his own convictions knowing that the company he has kept will tell its own story of gracious and noble expression and inspire its own qualities of original and effective speech.

And now we are coming to the heart of the matter. For next we must say that the mind of the preacher should be the mind of a Christian. The strategy of the message which speaks in the literature of the Old Testament and the New lies partly in its power to create a certain kind of mind. Principal Sir George Adam Smith has said that the Old Testament gives conscience new ears and new eyes. This is surely true of the great prophets. It is surely true of the moral and spiritual insight of the noblest of the Psalms. It is true of that human story which rises from the varied books which make up the Old Testament

literature. But it is preeminently in that wonder of new life among men which is such a singing brightness in the experiences reflected in the New Testament that we find these the creative centre for the making of the Christian mind. The one stainless and winsome and regal life, the full richness of its quality, the passionate love of its sacrifice, the sudden sense that we need know no more of God than we see in the face of Christ, the apprehension that the character of God in action meets us in his life and death: all these release new potencies even as they summon new powers in our own lives. The unfolding of all this as the experience of passionately eager men like Paul who were ready to break any chain to make the new life articulate and potent, the appropriation of the moral and spiritual energy which flows like a quickening stream from the life which the New Testament reflects: all this tells the story of the fashion in which the mind of the preacher begins to become a Christian mind. It will require years to work out all of its implications. There will be many a bright inspiration from history and from biography and from living men. But the moment the one Great Personality comes to the throne room of the soul of the preacher the defining experience of his life is well on its way.

And last of all the mind of the preacher must be the mind of a prophet. He must see that New life which the Lord Christ has released in the world in the terms of a new individual and a new society. The two are perpetually playing in and out of each other. You cannot have the new society without the new individual. And you cannot have the new individual in any sort of completeness except in the terms of the new society. The mind of the preacher becomes possessed of a commanding vision of life made organic. He knows the tragedy of an inorganic individual. He knows the tragedy of an inorganic world. And he believes that the secret of making all life organic is found in that royal religion which moved out upon the world from the mind and heart of Christ. The final moment in the making of the mind of

the preacher is the moment when the sense of inner compulsion becomes overwhelmingly authentic and mastering. It is with the sense that the Universe is on his side, that God is on his side, that the very vital energies of the world are moving in his speech that he stands in his pulpit. It is this consciousness of a divine afflatus which gives the last quality of potency to the preacher's utterance.

To be sure, gifts vary and ways of placing the emphasis are different enough. The infinite variety of preachers and the infinite variety in preaching is a great and glorious thing. But each in his own fashion, the men who go out to the high adventures of the pulpit, must see to it that the mind keeps its human zest, that it is enriched by a life of study, that it glows with cosmopolitan understanding, that it becomes articulate in language disciplined by a knowledge of some of the best that has been said and written in our venerable and majestic speech, that it is completely saturated by the motives and the energies which come from the personality of Jesus Christ, and that upon its altars, the fires of a great communion set glowing the passionate purposes of prophecy. None of us are great enough for these things. None of us can be contented without them.

XVI

PRAGMATIC CHRISTIANITY

Mr. President, Fathers and Brethren :

The angels of the churches have greatly increased in number since the brave days when the first chapters of the New Testament Apocalypse were written. They look out on far-lying territories and they see the mobilisation of the Christian forces in many lands. And since the days when sailors first moved through the Strait of Belle Isle and the days when daring explorers first passed beyond the Rockies and listened to the breakers of the western sea your own potential country has not only become a mighty commonwealth, a free empire in the new world, but it has also become a land of commanding Christian forces. The angels of its churches have looked upon numberless valiant deeds. They have witnessed the growth of Christian character and the impact of vast Christian energies upon the life of the whole land. It is saying the truth modestly to declare that Methodism has had its own commanding share in the Christian achievement in Canada, and to-night it gives me great joy speaking for four million Methodists across the invisible line which separates your great commonwealth from our own, to bring greetings all glowing with eager friendship, with pride in your achievement, and with glad expectation for your future.

It is a great happiness for me, as a citizen of the United States of America, to stand to-night in this great and free Dominion of the British commonwealth. The two peoples share the glory of a common Anglo-Saxon tradition and the hopes of a common ideal of democracy. Our dearest

political traditions go back to that motherland of modern political freedom where the people wrought out the constitutions of parliamentary democracy. We are not at all willing to admit that our life begins with the year 1776. The very latest date which we are willing to accept as a mark of the beginning of our tradition is that great year we share with you—1215, when the Magna Charta was signed—and we have a shrewd suspicion that our beginning lies much farther back in the very roots of English civilisation in the world. At all events the long struggle for parliamentary control in England is incorporated in our own tradition and the fountains of our liberty are the very fountains from which you drink. We have an intellectual tradition which we share in common. The bright and piercing eyes of Don Chaucer have quickened the observation of our young men, the imperial brain of Shakespeare, in which every human type found a home, has given us a new intellectual citizenship, the royal dignity of Milton's prose and the long reverberating music of his stately verse have given us a new sense of the dignity of our good old English speech and the loftiness of the principles to which it can give noble and commanding expression. The chastity and restraint of Matthew Arnold, the haunting melodiousness of Tennyson's verse, the depth and range and grasp of the mind of Browning, the moral passion of Carlyle, the love of ethical beauty which burns in the writings of Ruskin: all this and much more is ours even as it is yours. The Anglo-Saxon heritage has made kings of us all.

It is also a great happiness for me to stand here tonight because we are all sharers in another gracious heritage. We have in common the American tradition. A few years ago a distinguished publicist of the Dominion of Canada delivered a series of lectures at a commanding American university on the theme "The American Idea." I believe that he was right in asserting that out of our experiment of living in Canada and in the United States a certain spirit and a certain point of view have come into being

which we may indeed describe as the American Idea. And you and I receive that as a common inheritance. We do not forget—he did not forget—how much we owe, even in things which we have come to regard as distinctly American to battles fought and to victories won while America was still hidden beyond the mystery of the tossing Atlantic. But it is not too much to say that our application of the principles of freedom and self-government have given to us a spirit and a mood about life which are all our own. We have our own problems and our own terribly significant struggles. We are tempted to be overconfident, we are likely to set all too small value upon those gracious urbanities which are the fruit of a ripe and mature civilisation, we are tempted to value things more than we value ideals, and property more than ideas, and to fall down and worship our own material prosperity. But for all that, on this side of the sea there has come to be a new and wholesome sense of the value of every man just because he is a man, a new fearlessness and a new unhesitating directness of thought about many things, where the smothering influence of ancient custom has made directness difficult. A new belief in the future has been born on this side of the sea. A new belief in humanity has grown up in Canada and the United States. In your great Dominion and in our Republic humanity has tasted of a fountain which has made its spirit young again. And we share in this happy renaissance of the spirit of man. The American tradition has made optimists of us all.

There is another matter which is a source of deep gladness to me tonight. And that has to do with another heritage which we hold together. The Methodist tradition is our common treasure, our common responsibility and our common hope. That urbane eighteenth century with so polished a surface and so tragic a moral decay at the heart of it saw the planting of the seeds of a new moral and spiritual life all over the English-speaking world. That precise little Oxford scholar “with a genius for

government not inferior to that of Richelieu" found one England and left another. Religion was born anew as Mr. Wesley and his captains carried on their mighty advance in the name of a victorious experience of the Christian life. And men like Francis Asbury and the other apostles of the saddle-bags baptising infant villages in the name of vital piety, all over the lands which have become your Dominion and our Republic, put new moral and spiritual fibre into the life of both lands. They changed a world of rude battling with the forces of nature in America, and a world of polite cynicism in England, into a world with the light of the eternal shining in its eyes and the passionate consciousness of the presence of God taking a new place of command in its conduct.

To be sure, we glad admit that we owe much to many a stately and noble ecclesiastical tradition. The haunting sense of solidarity has been put forever in the heart of Christendom by the Latin Church. The inspiration of a great belief in the humanity lifted into a finer meaning by the Incarnation has moved in and out of the consciousness of many an age from the Greek Church of the first centuries. The Lutheran Church of the Reformation lifted the sense of the right of the individual spirit to a personal contact with the living God into a place of emphasis which can never be forgotten. The Reformed Churches have made memorable and commanding the emphasis upon the righteous will of God. And they have claimed the logical faculty as a bond-servant of the Kingdom of God. The Anglican tradition has brought a gracious loveliness into the expression of the religious life in many a land. The Independent tradition has stood for a noble intellectuality and for a stalwart freedom. And many of the movements of protest which we feel to have missed central meanings of the Catholic faith have proven right in their assertions if they have been wrong in their denials. Gladly do we open our arms to hold the golden harvest of wisdom offered to us by the Church

universal. It is a great treasure. And we receive it with humble joy.

And even as we open our hearts to this spirit of catholic appreciation there comes a deep consciousness that our own characteristic experience of religion and our own type of life have a significance and involve a responsibility which we must not ignore. The Methodist experience and practice of religion has far-reaching implications for us and for that universal Church from which we have received so much. If one desires a phrase in which to describe the contribution of Methodism to the Christian life of the world he may speak of the emphasis upon pragmatic Christianity. The mightiest sanction in Methodism is Christian experience. Everything else is seen in its light. Everything is appraised under its beneficent influence. From the time when John Wesley's heart was "strangely warmed" until today the pragmatic test has been the Methodist criterion.

May we ask ourselves then the question which has to do with the place of Pragmatic Christianity in the future of religion? In doing so we shall be also asking the question which has to do with the contribution of Methodism to the present and the future. I want to venture the assertion that there are some great human quests which can only be pursued successfully under the guidance of a pragmatic Christianity. And in following this claim I believe we may see the highways of most strategic service for our people in the testing days which lie before us.

1.—The most significant of all human ways of searching is the quest for God. The story of man's strange adventure in the world is full of it. Every religion is poignant with the pain and passion and wistful hope of it. Men have sought for God in ritual. They have sought for Him in ascetic self-mutilation. They have sought to meet Him in submission to the behests of a Church. They have sought to find Him in stern obedience to demanding codes. They have sought Him in the speculations of the mind. They have sought Him in the majesty of nature and the

exquisite beauty of art. And no earnest seeker, one dares to believe, has returned without some bit of gold. But there has been deep weariness. There has been sad disillusionment. And the way of permanent and triumphant security in fellowship with God has been missed by multitudes. It is not too much to say that that direct and mastering experience of the eternal love of God in the soul of man upon which Methodism built its every sanction is the only path which offers full and growing satisfaction to the passionately hungry spirit of man. To be sure, this experience has by no means been confined to Methodism but it has been the happiness of the Methodist people to put this experience in a place of unique emphasis and to keep it at the heart of their interpretation and experience of religion. The God whom one has met in a personal experience of the forgiveness and grace of Christ has much to say to the mind and to the active conscience and to the sense of beauty. But all this utterance is understood at last in the light of the glorious hour of meeting, when God and the human spirit entered into personal fellowship. The way for us all in this difficult age is through that audience room of the spirit where we meet the Master of Life in the luminous glory of a personal deliverance. It is a pragmatic Christianity which answers fully the passionate need which drives men to the quest for God.

2.—The quest for God is itself a part of another journey of searching which the human spirit can by no means avoid. That is the quest for certainty. The desire for something sure and stable in this changing world is one of the structural desires in human life. It emerges as a mental demand in the Eleatic philosophy centuries before the coming of Christ. It is a haunting desire back of much of the restlessness of this distraught and bewildered age. From Heraclitus to Bergson there have been thinkers who were prophets of the instability of things. But even they, if they were to be saved from utter incoherency, needed something permanent at the basis of all that was

mutable. And even when most adventurous the mind of man is driven back to the desire for security in some abiding certainty which can be depended upon in the midst of all the flux of things. Men have tried to find certainty in an infallible Church. And the Church has become a tyrant of contradictory moods. They have tried to find certainty in a mechanically infallible book. But the Bible loses its soul the moment you attempt to turn it into a book of mathematical rules. They have tried to find certainty in their own natures. But the kaleidoscope within has offered no secure and steady place of rest. It is when the soul of man meets the life of God in all the wonder of a personal experience of religion that a basis of certainty is really found. There is no apologetic like the simple words: "Whereas I was blind now I see." The Church has its contribution to make as it brings a man into the atmosphere of vital piety. The Bible becomes indeed God's messenger as it speaks not of mechanical rules, but of the life of God in the soul of man. The voice of human nature itself responds when the mastery of divine life has reached its deepest depths. But the deciding matter is just the mighty contact of the human personality with the divine life. It is a growing and deepening experience as the years go by. It is to be guided and developed by the play upon it of all the other lives renewed by the same experience. But it remains true that the central and defining matter in the finding of certainty is just the meeting in vital experience of the upreach of man's need and the downreach of God's transforming love. Pragmatic Christianity brings satisfaction to man's quest for certainty.

3.—In men who come to understanding of their own nature the quest for God and the quest for certainty sooner or later come to be involved in the quest for an organic life. For the very disconcerting thing about the individual man is just his incapacity to organise all the forces of his life into noble unity, and so to make possible a really harmonious character. Robert Louis Stevenson put

it all too simply when he spoke of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Life would not be so terribly difficult if there were only two of each of us. With more insight but with a curiously mixed bit of mathematics, Matthew Arnold wrote:

"Each strives nor knows for what he strives,
And each half lives a hundred different lives."

As a matter of fact there is a whole community of each of us. They have the most contradictory likes and dislikes. They want the strangest and the most different sorts of things. Whole armies of them march and counter-march upon the arena of our inner life. And really that is too promising a figure. For a good deal of the time they are fighting each other in hopeless confusion. The battle for an organic life is the fundamental fight for every man. And the quest for a purpose noble enough, for a devotion great and high enough to master and bend about it all the forces of our life is one of the ultimate quests of the individual in the world. Here again the golden word is said by that type of religion whose appeal centres in a personal experience of the love of God as it speaks to us from the Cross and as it grows in us through the fellowship of the living Christ. When a man puts the living Master in the place of selfish desire in his own heart the great decisive experience of life has come to him. Now he is ready for all sorts of large and far-reaching tasks. For only an organic life can work with the noblest efficiency about the great matters of the world. And here again a pragmatic Christianity has the message which is needed by our time.

4.—The quest for an organic life on the part of the individual is not the end. It is only the beginning. It is inevitable that the man with the new life shall begin to think of the new brotherhood. It is inevitable that he shall enter upon the quest for an organic society. Men have sought for an organic society in a good many ways. Karl Marx thought it could be produced along economic lines and wrote "Das Capital" to make plain the way.

Men have been ready to call in the most varied forces for the making of that better social order of which they have dreamed. One ventures to believe that no society can be better than the individual men who compose it. And therefore the individual whose own life has been made organic by the grace of God will always be the pivotal man in the making of the organic society. But there is more to be said. The very experience of the love of Christ which sets going the processes which make the individual life organic, also sets in motion all the forces which make for brotherhood. The very experience which gives a man peace in his own soul makes him a brother of other men. And Christian experience itself is a social thing. It is not in isolation, but in the gladness of brotherly living that men enter upon the great riches of Christian experience. And so it comes to pass that the personal appropriation of the love of God as it speaks to us through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is the very method by which an individual becomes a social man equipped to have his share in the producing of an organic society. Whenever your men of social passion are without this mighty personal dynamic, they lack an essential part of the power they need for their task. And the man with a deep and rich personal experience of the love of God can only keep its shining clarity if he puts it to work upon social tasks. Social passion without mysticism is a body without a soul. And a deep and rich experience of the things of God in the soul without social expression is at best a ghost without a body, wandering forlorn about the waste places of the earth. Pragmatic Christianity is to give wings to the social passion. And so at last the organic society is to be produced.

5.—All the while the men who are most deeply responsive to the great moral and spiritual appeals of life will be haunted by a great desire. And this desire will set them upon another way of searching. It will lead to the quest for a living Church. It is easy to manufacture ecclesiastical machinery. It is not easy to be sure that

the presence of the living creature is in the wheels. There are no end of things we should like for the Church. The one great essential is that it shall be alive with the life of God. All the augustness of its tradition and all the noble beauty of its form of worship will count for little if the breath of life is not in it. And here again there is one secret of potency. Some have thought to find it in the union of existing communions. And no doubt any union which is the expression of noble moral purpose and of great spiritual passion will have great significance. But more union does not mean new power. The union of two dead churches would only mean the presence of a larger ecclesiastical corpse. The great matter is the securing of life. And when you have the presence of the very life of Christ in the soul of the Church you will have the heart of unity even when there is no ecclesiastical bond. You can never secure life by even the most noble kinds of ecclesiastical manipulation. The life which is to renew the body of Christ must come from a new and deep appropriation of all that He offers to the soul of man. Once more the fountains of the living presence must play in the heart of every Christian. And this inner inspiration must be given adequate expression in relation to all the concrete problems which we face. Where there is a group of living Christians accepting the tasks God sets before them there is always the living Church. And so pragmatic Christianity facing with candour and passion the tasks of the actual world of to-day will show us the way to the living Church. And as we follow the guidance of the corporate life of the spirit we shall find a new unity coming to the Church of Christ throughout the world.

6.—It is inevitable that every area of life shall at last be claimed for the rule of the living Christ. And so sooner or later the body of Christians in the world must set out upon the quest for ethical beauty. All that is lovely belongs at last to the Church of God. The quest of loveliness is a really Christian quest. Indeed it is only as it is guided by the spirit of Christ that the quest for

beauty is saved from grave and fearful dangers. The study of the Renaissance in Italy reminds us vividly enough how poisonous a thing the love of beauty may become if it is not mastered by the passion for noble and pure living. It is only when beauty is wedded to goodness that it is safe. And it is only when goodness is wedded to beauty that it is saved completely for a certain hard angularity which sometimes characterises the expression of the best of motives. All the rich and glowing meaning of this wonderful world is to be captured and interpreted in the terms of that moral and spiritual loveliness which is at the very heart of the Christian religion. And here again it is a personal vision of the majestic presence of the living Christ which is to be the guide to all beauty, even as it is the way to all goodness. Pragmatic Christianity is to lift the whole realm of aesthetics into the glory of the Kingdom of God.

7.—There is another quest which has appeared before the mind of our age as a matter of great desire. We saw the golden gleams for a moment. We thought we were ready to set out upon the great adventure. But now clouds and darkness seem to be all about. Yet the quest must be undertaken. If we are confused for a moment we must arise with renewed understanding and continue the struggle. We cannot forego the quest for an organic world. International relations must come to be dominated by the mind of Christ or (to paraphrase a phrase I once heard Lord Robert Cecil use in the House of Commons) we must go back to the politics of the jungle. If we attempt to exclude any set of relationships from the rule of Christ, that very evasion will make it impossible for Him to rule completely in any set of relationships among men. So by a necessity which inheres in the very nature of the Christian religion we must hope and pray and work for an organic world. And here again at last the whole matter rests upon multiplying the number of men and women with a living experience of the things of God, ready to think the thoughts of Christ after Him and to do His

will in all the avenues of the life of the world. A genuine Christian experience makes inevitable the missionary enterprise. And just as surely it makes inevitable the ultimate battle of mankind, the battle for the enthroning of Christ in the whole field of international relationships. We are left dizzy by the magnitude of the task. All the more we are driven back to those sources of inspiration which come from the personal fellowship of the Christian with his Lord. A Christian experience perpetually alive is the inspiration which will carry men to the end of the great endeavour. Pragmatic Christianity is to give us the capacity to create an organic world.

If all these things are true, we may say, very humbly and with a profound sense of responsibility, that the very history and character of Methodism gives it a place of strategy in all the essential matters which confront the world today. Without self-consciousness and with devout gladness for all the great words to be uttered by all the Churches we may know that God has given us a living word for this great hour. The emphasis upon Christian experience sets all the fountains of vitality playing in the Church and in the world. Pragmatic Christianity belongs to all the Churches. And it is to be theirs and ours all the more completely because we take most seriously our responsibility in respect of its dissemination. So with good heart we may go forth to do our work in the world.

XVII

MAKING THE WORLD OUR CITY

"The world is mine." Psalm 50: 12.

These words do not at once suggest the fiftieth Psalm. They take our minds to one of the dramatic scenes in that fascinating novel, "The Count of Monte Cristo" by Alexandre Dumas. Edmond Dantes has just discovered a vast treasure and is filled with a sense of the wonderful possibilities which its possession will open up before him. He climbs to a great height and in tremendous exuberance of spirit cries out "The world is mine." It is a different enough connotation which the same words bear in that noble poem which we characterise as the fiftieth Psalm. The poet is full of the wonder of a vivid and lofty conception of God, a God who desires character more than he desires sacrifice on the part of his worshippers. The crass futility of a worship which begins and ends in material gifts moves with grim irony through his mind. "I do not ask you for things. The whole world is mine already." And so those seminal words leap forth. "The world is mine." They have a curiously haunting quality. They seem to suggest opening doors and awaiting opportunities. And like the character of Dumas we are inclined to find a fashion in which we can make them our words even as the writer of the Old Testament poem made them the words of God.

John Galsworthy's play "Loyalties" has stirred and quickened the minds of those who have witnessed its production in a curiously effective fashion. Here we see the mutual contention of numerous loyalties each having

a certain fine value of its own and yet plunged into the clenched antagonism of mutual hostility. And in spite of all these fine loyalties, indeed in a measure because of them, everything is becoming more terribly and tragically confused all the while. We are more than ready for the suggestion which falls from the lips of one character that there must be a more inclusive loyalty in which smaller loyalties can find a way of friendly harmony. Nearly every tragedy of our contemporary life, so capable of small loyalties, and so perplexed in the presence of the demand for a great and inclusive loyalty, is symbolised in Mr. Galsworthy's study of contending faithfulnesses which never rise to the height of a noble and unifying faith.

The truth is that unless we find a great and inclusive and harmonising loyalty we are upon a way which will lead us to darker and deeper tragedy all the while. If different people are perpetually loyal to different bits of the world they will constantly be hurling themselves at each other in the name of these fragmentary loyalties, and so they will bring about the disintegration of civilisation itself. It is in precisely this sense that we need to say "The world and not simply a part of the world is mine." When we all make the whole world our city, civilisation will be safe. And this is the meaning which that fine old-world cosmopolitan is to attain in our period of the human experiment. You have a wonderful flash of insight into the nature of this principle in the words of Jesus, here again spoken of God rather than of man, "God loved the world." It is when we think of the whole world as the object of God's profound devotion and passionate regard that we are able to come to a new apprehension of the attitude which men ought to take toward this same world. When our sympathy is large enough to include the world, when our understanding is deep enough to include the world, when our character is fine enough to serve the world, then indeed we can say "The world is mine."

There is one world in which, quite in spite of ourselves, we have been driven to rise from the provincial and the

fragmentary to a higher unity. This is the world of science. In a measure the process has been going on for a very long time. Even in the ancient world it was not possible to have one sort of mathematics for one nation and another variety for its neighbour, though the men of one nation might have a completer insight into the nature of mathematical principles than another. There was not a Greek science of numbers which was quite different from the Latin science of numbers. It was early seen that scientific truth is a unity. And the unbelievable advances of science in the century behind us have simply confirmed this position. We do not have one chemistry in England and another in France and one biology in Europe and another in Asia. We use different languages to express the same scientific truths. But it is only the wrapping which is different. We are dealing with the same facts and the same principles and the same reactions in spite of our differences of speech. Indeed the meetings of the international scientific societies constitute one of the most promising indications of a movement toward world unity. The men of science of all lands have risen from the fragmentary view to the larger unity. And as they advance together each may say in his own tongue: "The world is mine."

The situation is not quite so happy when the whole range of the intellectual life of man comes into view. Here we come upon the tendency to be contented with some noble fragment rather than to seek the larger unity of the whole. Indeed we must admit that the exponents of the physical and biological sciences have sometimes hesitated about including in their circle of ideas those humanistic disciplines which moved beyond the realms of those fields in which their interests centred. With the increasing specialisation of modern investigation the production of the type of mind which is a citizen of the whole intellectual world becomes more difficult. And the provincial expert who has definite knowledge in a very small field and no apprehension of larger relationships,

has become a problem if not a menace in our academic life. So we have the emerging of those contending small loyalties which must somehow be transcended by a more inclusive view and a larger synthesis. In the intellectual life a man is only safe when he can say: "The world is mine." This does not mean, of course, that everybody is to know everything. It does mean that at the very moment when a man is bringing his contribution in a particular part of a particular field he is to be cultivating a spirit which dwells where the departments meet. He may be a sort of intellectual plumber. But that offers no reason why he should not have a genuine appreciation of the whole edifice as a completed structure.

Difficulties begin to bristle when we approach the problem of the races. Here fragmentary loyalties fairly run riot. The colour scheme of the world is a part of the world's most terrible tragedy. If you lift the question as to whether a man's most fundamental loyalty is to a particular race or to humanity you have raised a matter which searches the motives of men's souls. The dominance of the white race has been a most interesting and significant aspect of the great human experiment. But already the most expert knowledge of science, especially of military science, has passed beyond the borders of the white race. And we are beginning to see that we must either learn a method of inter-racial cooperation or face the tragedy of a racial war. In the United States the Ku Klux Klan and the anti-Semitic movement have assumed proportions which may well cause a careful inspection of our national ideals. And out over the world the racial problem assumes ever-increasing importance. The forces of good will are endeavouring to show us a way by means of which each race may find a full and noble life without exploitation and without tyranny. The exponents of this endeavour are giving a new meaning to the words: "The world is mine." The world is mine as an opportunity for universal sympathy and universal understanding and universal cooperation. So we are given an opportunity to

transcend another group of fragmentary loyalties and become in a deep and true fashion cosmopolitan.

Historically the problem has taken a form which has been characterised by great difficulty in what we may call the geographical world. The love of one land has often meant the hatred of other lands. The devotion to one land has sometimes meant the exploitation of other lands. As Madame Roland cried "Oh, liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name," so many students have been inclined to cry, "Oh, Patriotism, what crimes have been committed in thy name." Fortunately we have made much progress in this regard. The meeting of tariffs every few miles on the Rhine in the Middle Ages reads now like a troubled dream. We are learning that it is in cooperation as friends rather than as in hostility as foes that the land of the world can each come to its fullest and most prosperous life. International commerce has helped greatly to enlarge our outlook in this regard. But we have not entirely learned the meaning of the principle that what is bad for one part of the world is never for the permanent good of any other part. So here, too, we need to see that the truest love of any land is a devotion to that land as a means of increasing the good of the whole world. True patriotism is the ally and not the foe of the cosmopolitan spirit. So the eager patriot can in his own fashion say "The world is mine."

That type of experience which we may characterise as the moral world has suffered from fragmentary loyalties. An ethic of self-denial alone depletes the life of the race. An ethic of self-assertion alone produces a heartless tyranny. And this is only one illustration of the fashion in which we need to rise to inclusive ethical views. It is in the larger outlook that we find the inspiration for a full ethical life. We need the insights of all the moral teachers of the race mutually supplementing and checking each other for the production of the noblest moral life. Here, too, we may say "The world is mine."

It is nowhere more true than in the realm of religion

that we need to rise from the fragmentary loyalty to the larger devotion. One church emphasises the freedom of the individual. Another church represents the power of a great solidarity. Now the one emphasis carried to an extreme would produce anarchy. The other carried to an extreme would produce tyranny. We need each principle and as they flow together we are saved from the dangers which characterise either when alone. Here is a church which emphasises the emotions and here is another which emphasises the intellect. We need both points of view. The emotional life alone is an over-luxuriant growth. The intellectual life alone becomes hard and rigid. Thought and feeling together, thought warmed by feeling and feeling disciplined by thought make the full and stable life. We must claim the insights of all the ecclesiastical groups. We must claim that worship which is full of a rapturous sense of the loveliness of ordered worship and gracious ritual. We must claim that worship which glows with the spontaneous freedom of the kindled individual spirit. In this realm, too, we must say "The world is mine."

Indeed it is not too much to say that every great religion has something to teach us. Religion in the West tended to become action. It inclined to emphasise the will. Religion in the East tended to become brooding contemplation. It inclined to emphasise mystical insight. And we can see that we need both approaches and both expressions of the religious life. The larger loyalty will welcome truth from every realm of the experience of man as he adventures forth in search of contact with the Master of Life.

When we return with this principle of the larger loyalty, of making the whole world our city, to the Christian religion we are happy to find that its founder himself represented this very insight in thought and speech and action. Whenever we transcend small loyalties in the name of larger devotions we find that the teaching and the spirit of Jesus support us. It is this which gives to

the Christian religion such an immediate appeal to such manifold types. The spirit of world-wide good will and the spirit of world-wide citizenship is the very spirit of the Man of Galilee. It is not as an exploiter of the world but as servants of the world that His followers in His own spirit may declare "The world is mine."

The quest for the higher unity is the noblest human quest. The search for the larger loyalty is the most promising human endeavour. And the doors of high hope for our own land and for the world swing open as we interpret all our smaller loyalties in the terms of our larger insights. In Paul, Christianity fought its first battle with crippling provincialism. That struggle will continue until the cosmopolitan spirit of the founder of the Christian faith becomes universal. As we make the world our city, we will find the path of orderly life and creative activity for all mankind.

XVIII

THE FRIENDLINESS OF THE UNIVERSE

“They that are with us are more——” II Kings 6: 16.

The bit of border warfare experience, narrated in the sixth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, has a graphic interest, a touch of almost gay humour, and a certain wealth of suggestiveness. The King of Syria sends an expedition to surround the little city which shelters the seer who seems able to read his thoughts and to forestall his designs. The servant of the seer is in a perfect panic of fear as he sees the chariots and the horses about the city. His master calms his fears, completely deceives the Syrian soldiers, leads them to the heart of Samaria, persuades the King to set ample food before them, and sends them home in such a mood and with such a story to tell that thereafter the petty marauding border expeditions cease.

There is something arresting about the panic of the servant of Elisha. For fear is a great human foe. Nations have their characteristic fears. Most men hide a fear cowering somewhere in their hearts. And fear itself causes some of the greatest tragedies in the life of man. If European nations could cease fearing each other, what a new Europe would be born. If the hidden, brooding fear could be torn from every human heart, what a new world would come to be. The fear of the servant of Elisha was robbed of its horror by a vision of unsuspected resources. The mountain was full of horses and chariots to the eye of faith. And in the light of that vision, fear fled away.

Perhaps the deepest fear which comes to men is the fear that the very system of things is against goodness and unselfishness and love. The fair dreams of ideal beauty fling their haunting colour before their eyes but they are crushed by the impact of hard and brutal facts. The deep and paralysing doubt of the fundamental power of goodness in the world is like a subtle poison in the blood. It weakens men's arms in the fight. It takes away that joyous confidence which is half of the victory. The suspicion that the world is the foe and not the friend of goodness is the basis of the most profound kind of fear which can come to the heart which cares for ethical things.

Such a fear must be confronted honestly. And we must ask ourselves if there are unsuspected resources in the universe which are on the side of goodness and cleanness and strength and justice and love. There are visible foes in plenty. If our eyes were opened, would we see the cohorts of our allies all about us as we propose to fight the good fight? Would we find that the process of evolution, the very *élan vital* of the universe, is with us and not against us?

1.—When we put the question in this form and begin to survey the materials with which we must deal in forming an answer, we find light all about the Easter sky. And ere long we find ourselves clear in the position that the fundamental process of the world is the ally of advancing life. That mighty tale of adventure which biology brings to our attention is the story of a great living impulse pushing ever forward and onward. There was a time when all life was in the water. The land contained no vegetation. It contained no animal life. And that deep spirit of adventure and forth giving, which is central in the most potential life, moved from the sea to conquer the land. That forth giving, that onward movement, that forward reach, represent the purpose which is expressing itself in the whole biological process. Life is not with a static content. Life is not with a hanging back. Life

is with a going forward. Out of the seas upon the lands, life moves. The universe is on the side of advance.

2.—Then we may say quite definitely that, at every stage, the forces of life which refuse to adjust themselves to the advancing demand go down. The rocks have a profoundly fascinating story to tell. They are the cemetery of vanished forces of life. And their story is all the while making it clear that some potent vital impulse of adaptation to environment has been at work in living things through all the multitudinous passing years. Beyond the eye of man, as he looks back, beyond the conscious understanding of all the living things which experienced it, there was this strange readiness to find a way to fit into the new situation and to take the new step. And wherever this was not found, the particular form of life simply ceased to exist. The sure and unhesitating purpose, moving through all this seething of vast and manifold vitalities, did not need to use haste, for all its ways had a deep certainty. The more one contemplates the biological process, the more he sees this forward thrust, this inevitable destruction, if the particular force falls out of the process of adaptation which is central to the conquest of life over the conditions in which it finds itself.

You can view all the facts in a hard cold fashion. You can view them with quickened imagination, and responsive heart and awakened spirit. And if your eyes glow with the flashing perception of the deepest insight, you will want to use another word instead of "process" as you talk of it all. You will want to use the word *God*. There is a mystical experience of the deepest meaning of the biological process. The Hebrew poets passed all the knowledge of their time through the fires of their devotion and it came forth the gleaming gold of religious poetry. When we have dared to pass the whole story which science has told us through the fires of our devotion, it will come forth shining gold, gleaming with the superscription and, in a sense, the image of Almighty God.

3.—The coming of mind brings a new force into the

world. And the really potent elements in that force are on the side of growth and progress and goodness. To be sure, the possession of mind involves the possibility of refusing to be a part of the ongoing process. Rationality may be used for irrational ends. The mind may be used to make the worse appear the better reason. But the misuse of mind is the defeat of mind. The prostituting of the power of thought involves the decay of personal power. It may take years to work the destructive process through to its consummation. More than one generation may be required to reveal the tragic results of the misuse of the mind. But the process is unhesitating and conclusive. A straight, clear, honest use of the mind makes for conquering power in all the struggle of life. And an adroit, sophisticated, dishonest use of the mind makes for the weakening of the individual; the depletion of the society where it is practiced; and the ultimate overthrow of the civilisation of which it is a part. In fact, you have to have a general faith in the mind to make the thought productive; and at a certain point scepticism as to the mental honesty of others would break up that way of living together upon which all society is based. The short cuts of the dishonest mind are, in the last analysis, fatal to that mind itself.

The coming of the mind does make tragic evil possible. But the very system of things is fighting the unscrupulous mind all the while. The love of truth is more than fine sentiment. It is structural in the developing life of humanity. Banish the belief in a remorseless candour of truth-telling, and science itself becomes impossible. The mind was not meant to be an instrument of deception. It was meant to be an instrument of contact with reality. The man who is incapable of telling himself the truth is sure to go down in the pressing conflicts of this world of struggle. Truth is not a handicap. It is a suit of armour. And without that suit of armour the advances of the armies of life would be impossible. The practice of the use of

the mind reveals a code of honesty to be involved in its successful functioning.

The great liars of the world have not been the mighty figures they have sometimes fancied. The lie which coiled at the heart of all their falsehood proved at last their undoing. Society holds together through the honest use of the mind. In just the degree that the mind is misused, society begins to fall apart.

4.—The growth of moral discernment brings a new ally to the advancing forces of life. And this moral life has a regal power in the movement of history. If a nation stands against it, that nation stagnates and goes down. We have already had a glimpse of the fact that the mind has a conscience, active at its heart. This conscience emerges and becomes more and more regal in its assertions and in its demonstrations of power. The story of the forward movement of the moral consciousness of the race is a strange and checkered tale. But it is full of inspiration for all that. And you must judge it by its consummation and not by its lowly beginnings. The impulse to moral distinction and the impulse for moral obedience are not to be regarded as something foreign to the whole forward thrust of vital energy in biological history. It is the consummation and the flower of what has gone before. And often there is more than a hint of its meaning in earlier stages of experience.

There was a time when men thought of the evolutionary process as merely the brutal struggle for the survival of the physically fit. Hard and ruthless self-assertion was believed to be at the heart of it. And then men were put to it to find a place for the gentler and more self-effacing moralities in the process which is central to the ongoing of life. Then men, like Prince Kropatkin, called our attention to the place of "mutual aid" in the process. They discovered that motherhood is not a modern and not a merely human invention. And motherhood is self-sacrifice alive. The biological process is all shot through with the self-giving of motherhood. So the two principles

of self-assertion and self-sacrifice play in and out of each other all through the unfolding evolution of living forms. And the highest ethic of self-sacrifice is but the full unfolding of something which is at the very centre of the process of evolution itself. The universe is not a foe to self-sacrifice. It is by a process which has included the profoundest self-giving that life has come to be what it is. Ethics, both in the form of nobly assertive strength and nobly gracious self-surrender, is not something foreign, injected into the movement of life. It is an indigenous part of that movement. Here, once again, as we see the sweep and the range of it all, we are inclined to do some serious thinking. We come to see a force making for a moral consummation moving everywhere. And we are ready once more to substitute another word for that descriptive noun, "process." We are inclined again to substitute the word, "God."

5.—The growth of spiritual aspiration. The life of the spirit is a rare and gracious flowering of human personality. It is probably very much older in the race and it is surely more a structural element in life than in our moments of unkindled and objective analysis we sometimes think. The desire to make an ally of the forces which control the universe is, it would seem clear, at least as old as thought itself. Indeed, all biological experience at an earlier stage is ready to come to two conceptions when once consciousness appears, the conceptions of elements working for and elements working against the struggling life. This desire to find an ally may grow or has grown and unfolded into all the glory of ethical religion. It may descend into all the baseness of the most evil magic and the most bestial of the observance which call themselves religion. Here again it is more and more clear, as we observe closely, that life is upon the side of the higher and nobler forms of expression. The ongoing process is against the baser forms. The advancing nations parallel their growth in other ways with a growth in the nobler forms of religion. The nations which turn back

to beastly religions go down. The nations which enshrine noble forms of ethical and spiritual religion come to larger leadership and power. Even in Christianity itself, it may be observed that the noblest forms of worship are somehow found in the nations of surest and most promising vitality. Life then is on the side of advancing religion. It is no more decadent in religion than in physical qualities. The universe is on the side of the loftiest sort of spiritual faith.

A man like John Knox sets going great currents of almost austere ethical and spiritual religion in a land which has many physical limitations. And four centuries later that virile piety has produced a type which is supplying officials for the whole British Empire and sometimes more than dominates the cabinet which guides the destiny of the Empire itself. John Wesley preaches vital piety over England and sends his preachers to America. And new qualities of strength and functioning power come to the whole English-speaking world.

There is nothing so practical as spiritual religion. If men spurn it, what might have been a friend turns to an efficient foe. The nation which sets its face against it is already in process of decay.

And the individual finds the same unhesitating power at work. Gamaliel Bradford has recently published a fascinating series of biographical studies, entitled "Damaged Souls." As one reads the tales of brilliant indirection represented by the life of Aaron Burr and the black deception seen in that of Benedict Arnold, one cannot fail to realise that if the sanctions of a spiritual religion, shot through with ethical fire, had been in command of their lives, the shipwreck of character would have been averted. As with these men, so with all men. As with the nations we have mentioned, so with all nations. The forces of spiritual religion have the secret of survival in them. They are a part, a high and noble part, of that forward thrust of life which moves, through all those

forces of which biology tells us, and at last comes to moral and spiritual expression in the life of man.

6.—When we have all these things in mind as we view the personality and the life of Jesus Christ, we at last realise that all the separate rays of light come to an astonishing focus in Him. That long tale which began with the emerging of life on this planet comes to fulfillment and triumphant glory in Him. He is the intellectual, and moral, and spiritual consummation of the evolutionary process. This does not mean that the process itself exhausts the meaning of His life. There are infinite reaches of His life Godward which transcend all the appraisals of human analysis. But it does mean that the world is His world; that it has a profound kinship with Him; that there is a sure line of continuity between the very beginnings of life on the planet and the splendour of His harmonious personality. Everything there was on the way to Him. He is the mind of the process, for He reveals fully the mind of the God who speaks in it all. He is the conscience of the process, for He expresses its ethical implications. He is the heart of the process. For the heart of God who moves through it all is His heart and the life of God is His life.

And all the years since the coming of Jesus represent the adventure of that forward movement, which more and more suffuses life with His principles and puts society at the command of His personality. The process which had kinship with Him and found its consummation in Him, has kinship with a society, made Christian through and through. The social appropriation of all that Jesus was, and is, represents the next stage in the process of evolution itself.

And all of this means that while there are foes enough, and while life sees tragedy and shipwreck enough, the world, even the universe, are to be found on the side of men and women who are battling for a Christian consummation. In hours when discouragement almost turns into panic, we, too, may look from our foes to our resources.

We, too, may say "They that are with us are more than they who are with them." The universe is our friend when we seek the ways of goodness. For the universe is the expression in time of the character of that God whose face we see in the face of Christ.

THE END

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